

P O E M S.

1162. C. 24

EDINBURGH:

A POEM,

IN TWO PARTS,

ALSO,

THE WEEPING BARD:

A POEM,

IN SIXTEEN CANTOS.

By ROBERT ALVES, A.M.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for the AUTHOR.

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42.
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EDINBURGH:

A

P O E M.

PART FIRST.

HAIL, *Mountain Nymph*! whose rising bowers,
Fair-spreading walks, and cloud-capt towers,
The smiling rural gods approve,

* All but the *Dryads* of the grove,
And *Ceres* griev'd, whose fairest field
Must to thy levelling truncheon yield,
While at thy mandate of the skies,
Even mountains sink and vallies rise.

A

Hail,

* Alluding to the demolishing of orchards and corn-fields, to make room for the extended royalty.

Hail, born to fresh Elysian bloom,
 Like Phoenix starting from thy tomb!
 While at thy noble † *Hunter's* call,
 Thou liftst thine head imperial!
Hunter with fairest plans in store,
 Which generous † *Drummond* fram'd of yore,
 While both their toils in one conjoin'd,
 A new creation left behind,
 For old *Edina's* smoky walls,
 Her gloomy streets and ghostly halls!

See spreading new from side to side,
 Thy bridges, streets, and causeways wide,
 Expand their willing arms amain,
 For commerce, or for pleasure's train!
 See hourly joyful fabrics rise,
 Planting their foreheads in the skies,
 With many a room round stair-case roll'd,
 Like lofty labyrinth of old.

Thy

† † The late Lord Provosts Drummond and Hunter-Blair, the
 two principal promoters of the city-improvements.

Thy new-built streets for health design'd,
Invite abroad the wanton wind.
Hark, thro' thy lanes the breezes play,
O'er all thy widening alleys stray;
While, pure as heavenly dew distills,
Water from the soft-green hills,
Chief where the breezy *Pentland* climbs,
Gulches to wash thy jetty limbs!

Hail, fair *Edina*! brighter now
Thy fable-colour'd tresses flow!
While thy fair Nymphs that lately trode,
With dark-brown vest in lakes of mud,
Now safe on shining pavement trip,
And pout at ease the cherry-lip;
Showing delighted, as they move,
The snow-white leg, the charm of love.

Hail, for thy various learning known,
Athens' Lycæum, all thine own!
Thy * *Alma's* willing sons appear,
From eastern, western hemisphere;

From

* The University.

From wild *Americ's* woods among,
 And farthest *Ind*, a studious throng.
 And *Europe's* sons, from different shores,
 (Both where the *Baltic* billow roars,
 And *Tagus* foams with swelling waves,
 And *Seine* her bordering vineyards laves,)
 Frequent thy academic porch,
 Where Science holds her golden torch,
 Pointing with gladdening blaze the road,
 That leads to Glory's bright abode.

For Thee, glad Commerce spreads her sail,
 And wafts her stores in every gale!
 Thy *Leith's* fair harbour, deep and wide,
 Laughs at the storm or thundering tide,
 While her tall ships in safety ride. }
 How glow her quays, on either hand,
 With hearty sailors, jovial band!
 Her streets with thriving arts resound,
 While a rich country blooms around.
 And see from Glass-house, towering high,
 The pillar'd smoke ascends the sky;
 Sometimes,

Sometimes, in breezy summer-morn,
Far to the main like fleeces born ;
Anon in quiet evening still,
Mounting to heaven, like climbing hill.

What heavenly landscape round thee smiles,
Of land and sea with tufted isles !
From where the *Baſts* with shelving side,
Scowls o'er the foaming eastern tide,
To where tir'd Phœbus from heaven's steep,
Hastes in the western main to sleep.

And first is seen to front thy Bay,
Like distant cloud, the verdant * *May* :
Inch-Colm and *Keith* bring up the rear,
With scanty herbage, bleak and bare ;
On *this* an antient castle stands,
The sea-beat fort of *Gallic* bands,
In papal *Mary's* troublous days ;
On *that* a *Scottish* King did raise
A votive abbey, on the rock
His refuge from the tempest's shock.

Around

* The Isle of May.

Around thy yellow harvests smile,
To crown the labourer's annual toil !
Along fair *Forth's* reflecting stream,
See how they cast a golden gleam !
See *Pan* with *Ceres* corny-crown'd,
Bless the fairy-circled ground !
And Plenty crowns the cup of Mirth,
And happy peasants o'er the hearth,
Each to the God of Seasons pays,
The evening-tribute of their praise.

Meanwhile thy lofty hills ascend,
From verdant *Calton* to the bend
Of *Castle-Hill*, or where on high,
Arthur's proud *Seat* invades the sky ;
Against whose bold-aspiring peak,
In vain the blasts their vengeance wreak ;
While scarcely to the lightening's rage,
Bows his high head, tho' hoar with age.
With the same grim unalter'd brow,
He views the changing world below ;
And rosy Summer's breezes mild,
Move him alike ; as *Boreas* wild,

Loud-

Loud-thundering from the stormy north,
When Winter calls his tempests forth.

Below black *Salisbury* frowns,
At whose green feet, 'midst blooming downs,
The lonely-musing student walks,
And Echo from her grotto talks,
To every noise that o'er the dell,
Resounds like midnight's solemn knell.

Thro' this deep dale, in many a stream,
(If aught we credit shepherd's dream,)
The dapper elves and fairies glance,
Wild-quivering in romantic dance;
While pleas'd on high the silver Moon,
Holds her pale lamp till all is done;
Then hie them to their flowery beds,
Till Eve again extend her shades.

Not far * *Craigmillar* lifts her brow,
And † *Abercorn's* blest gardens blow,

A

* *Craigmillar-Castle.*

† *Duddingston; the Seat of Lord Abercorn.*

A boundless paradise of sweets,
 Where every sense its object meets !
 Here lives the purple blush of Spring,
 And *Flora*, from ambrosial wing,
 Shakes thousand smells the woodlands o'er,
 Like *Enna's* thymy vale of yore.

Yet late a stagnant pool o'erspread,
 Obscene and foul ! this golden mead !
 A boggy mass ! a waste of ground,
 Barren, squalid and profound !
 Where Silence reign'd, save when the quail,
 Or founding bittern shook the vale,
 Or long-legg'd heron trode along,
 The marshy reeds and sedge among
 Of the wet sward : till one * blest hand
 Rouz'd the dull genius of the land,
 That long had slept o'er slimy fen :—
 What cannot art and godlike men !

Next fair † *Buccleugh's* romantic site,
 And princely domes my song invite.

Yet

* The present Earl of Abercorn.

† Buccleugh-House.

Yet Princelier * inmate dwelleth there,
 High *Montague*, the good and fair!
 Hail Goddess, to thy sloping hills,
 Fair-lying fields and murmuring rills!
 Hail to thy breezes all of balm!
 Hail to thy climate's halcyon-calm!
 Hail to thy corn-renowned vale!
 Scotland's Arcadia, *Lothian*, hail!

Here, 'midst each balmy-breathing scene,
 Smiling in Nature's emerald-green,
 Where thousand dimpling riv'lets play,
 'Midst vocal woodland all the way:—
 (Like *Pæstum's* flowery banks of yore,
 Or watery *Baia's* tepid shore;
 Or Græcian *Tempe's* groves and rills,
Eurota's banks, or *Hybla's* hills,
 That past and vanish'd now so long,
 Still flourish in Arcadian song:)
 So here, 'mid *Lothian* fields so gay,
 Fain would I sing the live-long day,
 And weave a flowery-woven shrine,
 Sacred to th' immortal Nine:

B

Either

* Dukes of Buccleugh.

Either in woods of sweet *Buccleugh*,
 * *Newbattle's* groves; or wonders new
 Of shady † *Melvil's* green retreat;—
 Or ‡ *Roslin's* wild romantic feat;
 Or where, in § *Drummond's* awful groves,
 'Midst hanging cliffs and moss-grown coves,
 The amorous-breathing west-wind waves,
 A murmuring multitude of leaves.

Here, then, weave the *Poet's Bower*,
 With many a wild shrub o'er and o'er;
 Weave it close, and flowery-gay,
 T' exclude the sultry heat of day;
 Weave it wild, with taste refin'd,
 T' express the Poet's wilder mind.

Let oaks, the monarchs of the wood,
 Tower above in Epic mood;
 While woodbines wild, or ivy-twine,
 Type forth the rambling Lyric line!

Let

* *Newbattle*; the Seat of the Marquis of Lothian.

† *Melvil*; the Seat of the Right Hon. Henry Dundas.

‡ *Roslin-Castle*.

§ *Hawthornden*.

Let weeping willow's dangling bough,
 Express, sad Elegy ! thy woe !
 And the long long sweeping pall,
 Of the sad solemn funeral !

Bring the yew-tree's darker shade,
 Funereal cypress' towery head,
 With stately holly's pallid green,
 To mark the solemn Tragic Scene ;—
 While jessamines and liliacs fair,
 With viny tendrils, flaunting rare,
 Best suit the Comic Muse's air !

}

Meanwhile, let streamlet's stilly sound,
 Or hum of bees, enchant the ground :
 While, every louder noise remote,
 The red-breast tunes his little throat,
 Alone, unseen 'midst arbour still,
 Warbling his wood-notes wild and shrill :
 Fit lonely plaintive minstrel he,
 For lonely woodland-poet me !

All beneath let flowers of Love,
 Fill the bower, and fill the grove !

Let purple hyacinths entwine,
 With darker purple columbine !
 And many a dappled daisy smile,
 With beds of thyme and camomile !
 Narcissus fair, and fairer lillies,
 And lovely pinks with daffadillies,
 And many a field-flower rich and rare,
 That grows to crown Love's golden hair !

All around and over-head,
 Let lovely amorous myrtle spread,
 With pale poplar's browner shade :
 And many a blushing rose be seen
 Fav'rites of th' *Idalian queen* ;
 And here and there the sweet-leav'd briar,
 With its sweet scents my heart inspire !
 Closer and closer weave the shade,
 With silver moss the roof o'erlaid,
 Till like a hermit, darkling grown,
 I sit and think myself to stone :
 Yet let some wandering sunny rays,
 Peep thro' the thick-entangling maze,

Like

Like silver threads, or spangles brown,
O'er some dark silken tissue thrown,
That all thus artfully combin'd,
May suit my widely-varied mind !

In such a spot, remote from strife,
And all the woes of stormy life,
How pleas'd I'd pass my lonely days,
Despising wealth, and power, and praise !
Alike unknowing and unknown,
How would my golden minutes run !
A prey to wild mischance no more,
My long-toft bark laid safe ashore !

In such dear spot of classic ground,
My head with native laurel crown'd,
How would the genius come along,
Of *Drummond's* wildly-warbling song !
How would his soft *Italian* strain,
Charm these vocal woods again !
Now high, now low, now full, now clear,
How would it pierce the ravish'd ear !

—Hark !

—Hark!—*still*, methinks thy music floats,
Immortal Bard, in lingering notes!
Rival Thou of *Petrarch* sweet,
Both your wild strains I repeat!
Soft and gentle, learn'd and free,
Oh might I sing like him and thee!
While, like yours, my periods roll,
A touching sweet sublime of soul!
And my country's dearest praise,
Crown my first and latest lays!

EDINBURGH:

A

P O E M.

PART SECOND.

HAIL, fair *Edina*! ever-young!
Still with thy glory rise my song!

Leave we now thy fields a-while,
Where grey-ey'd Morn still loves to smile;
Leave we now thy pine or oak,
Groaning to the woodman's stroke,
From fountain's murmur, blackbird's trill,
Lowing vale, or bleating hill;
From garden trim, or savage dell,
Each rural sight, each rural smell:—

From

From buxom charms of nut-brown maid,
 From the dairy, from the glade ;
 I now return, to tune my strain,
 To thy lofty towers again.

Well-pleas'd my Muse begins to sing,
 (Hovering o'er with steady wing,) Thy ancient domes, thy structures new,
 Rising endless on the view :
 Oh could my verse give fame to Thee,
 As thou canst glory give to me !

And first, to east, † yon *Abbey's* roof,
 Rais'd on columns massy-proof,
 Erst the seat of *Scottish* Kings,
 Majestic, large, with spreading wings,
 Stands full in fight, with turrets crown'd,
 While solemn silence reigns around.

No more the royal pomp awaits
 Of thousand footsteps at thy gates !
 No levees croud thy gorgeous halls,
 No splendid feasts, no festive balls ;

No

† Holyrood-House.

No minstrel, page, or armed band
Of gallant squires await command!

No more thy neighbouring hills repeat
The trump's shrill clang, or timbrel's beat!
No steel-clad knight, or baron bold,
In martial guise of armour old,
At tilt or tournament appear,
With barbed steed or couchen spear!

Such were the games of old renown,
Behold them past! behold them gone!
No lingering footsteps now are seen,
Printed on thy mournful green!
Those bustling chiefs are heard no more,
That made the neighbouring welkin roar!

Perhaps at eve some pensive soul,
(Such *Ossian's* was of antient time,
Melancholy, wild, sublime,)
Hears in each breeze their voices roll;
Or sees their trembling shadows run,
Along the heath or mossy stone,

C

What

What time the moon-light clothes each hill,
 And every vale is deadly-still,
 Save little tinkling silver rill.

Fronting, lo, to west is seen,
 * *Yon Castle's* bold gigantic mien,
 Rear'd by Kings of *Pictish* blood,
 More fam'd, more antient never stood !
 See how it towers, a monarch vain,
 Frowning o'er the subject-plain !
 Hark, when its sulph'rous vollies fly,
 How groans the earth ! how roars the sky !
 Gleams the blue flash ! a cloud of smoke,
 Envelops round the vasty rock !
 Loud-thundering peals on peals rebound :
 Shakes *Edina's* base profound !
 The rattling din is heard afar,
 As *Mars* were shouting to the war,
 Or rush'd along from frozen *Thrace*,
 On steeds of fire, and wheels of brass !

Southward see † *Harriot's* structure rise,
 For noblest use beneath the skies !

Inigo

• Edinburgh Castle.

† Harriot's Hospital.

Inigo Jones pour'd all his art,
Lab'ring nice each various part,
With airy grandeur crown'd the pile,
In his best lightest *Gothic* style.
Hail, *Harriot* ! live thy glory long,
Echoed by my wandering song !
Fair as thy statue still appears,
Fresh-blooming thro' a length of years !
For ever prais'd thy holy hands,
For ever prais'd thy blest commands !
That gave to rise a pile so rare,
For knowledge, charity and prayer ;
T' instruct the poor and make them rise,
From sordid earth to *golden* skies.
For this in heaven thou reign'st with God,
In th' empyrean blest abode ;
Yet haply still thou deign'st a smile,
On thy heaven-favour'd sacred pile ;—
From forth the bright immortal throng,
The pauses of eternal song,
Dart'st a sweet smile of heavenly love,
On thy heaven-favour'd sacred grove !

Near where *St Giles's Temple* high
 With crown imperial strikes the sky,
 * See the *comely Structure* tower,
 Where *Scotland's Senate* met of yore;
 But now *grave Justice* holds her throne,
 In ermine drest and flowing gown.

What crouds of daily clients wait,
 At *Justice's* ever-open gate!
 Of gowned lawyers what a show!
 Of pettyfoggers many moe!
 And smart attornies, smug and trim,
 With all their clerks, so pert and prim!
 With thousand quilllets in their head,
 What haste, to leave their morning-bed!
 What haste, ere morning-tea grows cold,
 To curl their cravat's easy fold,
 To fix their wigs, adjust their gown;—
 And, scarce their breakfast well-begun,
 Away they skip, they puff, they run,
 While nipping north winds bite them fore,
 In frosty winter-mornings hoar!

Now

* The Parliament-House.

Now see the trembling culprits stand,
Before the reverend *Awful Band*,
Of life and death that hold the keys,
While fate awards their just decrees !
With eyes severe and nodding brow,
They deal their words piece-meal and slow,
With many a weighty learned phrase,
That holds the rabble in amaze ;
Again they look, again they gaze ;
As if such words, such looks profound,
Could scarcely dwell on mortal ground !

At other times is heard afar,
Of Lawyer-wits the wordy war,
On feoffs, assessments, marriage null,
Or letcher loose that play'd the fool :
Estates mortgag'd, and money spent,
And interest high at cent per cent,
Tiends, tenements, a motely throng,
Of uncouth terms, unfit for song.
Yet here the fire of rhetoric flames ;
Erskines and *Grosbies*, honour'd names !

With

With learning fraught and weighty sense,
 And the bright stores of eloquence!
Wights, Fergusons, and many more,
 Well-skill'd in Law's long-winded lore.

Next * *yon Modern Structure* fair,
 Like stately Nymph with smiling air,
 Graceful, decent and discreet,
 Invites my song with graces sweet!
 Oh wondrous proof of *Græcian* art,
 To please the eye and charm the heart!
 Destin'd soon thy walls to hold,
 Fair *Scotland's* rolls and records old!
 Destin'd soon thy steps to glow,
 With busy bustlers to and fro!
 Why give thee not, to strike the fight,
 Some graceful turret, towering-light?
 Why in thy front not statues smile,
 The pride and boast of *Britain's* isle?

† *Yon glorious Bridge*, next claims my praise,
 Bridge hardly match'd in modern days;

Joins

* The Register Office.

† The New Bridge.

Joins distant hills from side to side,
And opes a pathway long and wide,
Stretching from yon noble pile,
And spreading southward many a mile.
With many a buttress high upstay'd,
And many an arch, of lofty head,
See o'er its pavement firm and strong,
A thousand chariots roll along,
Drawn by steeds of matchless grace,
That well might boast of heavenly race.

Hail, fair *Edina*! lovely-gay!
Still with thy glory rise my lay!

With what delight beholds my eye
Thy temples tower to reach the sky!
In useful arts thy generous cares!
Thy public halls, thy spacious squares!
Thy glittering shops in endless row,
Rich in solid wealth and show!

What crouds thy airy causeways roam!
Thicker and thicker still they come!

From

From *New* to *Old Town* see them pass
 * Yon fullen lake of dead morafs,
 Whose mighty mound now rais'd on high,
 Gives them to breathe a purer fky!

Now all thy *New Town* strikes my fight,
 Her spacious streets and ftructures light,
 Simple moft, and neat and free,
 In wondrous regularity!
 Others built with regal pride,
 Where Worth and Beauty fair refide,
 And high Nobility and Blood
 That rolls from kings its purple flood.

Here *Scotland*, let me tell thy name,
 In antient rolls of warlike fame!
 With many a chieftain high-enroll'd,
 From *Fergus* down to *Bruce's* days,
 Subjects of eternal praife,
 In fair historic brafs or gold!

Methinks thofe heroes ftart to view,
 With faulchions broad and bonnets blue!

How

* The Earthen Bridge.

How lion-hearted, stout and strong,
Breathing revenge, they march along!
With tartan-plaid, like Roman gown,
Around their manly shoulders thrown!
In many an apt-complying fold,
For drefs, or sleep, or action bold.

But hark, the martial bag-pipes blow
The voice of war, the voice of woe; }
At first with solemn tone and slow,
But soon the fatal pibrochs sound,
(While carnage hovers wide around,)
With notes on notes heapt fast and shrill;—
Echoes each vale, and neighbouring hill:—
And now the bloody blows begin:
How thick the prefs! how loud the din!
Still fast fast fast the wild notes swell,
Till mingling soon in one dire yell,
The skies resound each thundering stroke!
How thick the blows! how fierce the shock!
Confusion reigns, and wild uproar,
And all the fields are drench'd in gore.—

D

—Once

—Once again the bag-pipes blow,
 A safe retreat from fields of woe;
 Then to the lengthening solemn chime,
 Move the flow bands in state sublime.

Lo, in sight, what fields appear,
 Well-foughten with the *Scottish* spear!
 'Gainst *Danish* inroads, *English* pride,
 How many fields in blood were dy'd!
 Let dauntless *Bruce*, or *Wallace* show,
 Or the brave *Hays*, our deathful blow!
 At *Luncarty*, or *Bannockburn*,
 See the hostile squadrons turn!
 See them turn, and fly with speed,
 But first a thousand squadrons bleed!
 Our *Grahams* and *Leslies* deathless name,
 Long shall resound in future fame!

But now from antient warrior's praise,
 Turn we to modern *Eden's* days,
 Where polish'd wit and science shine,
 And all the arts of peace divine:

Where

Where jovial circles fair and gay,
 Meet at assembly, park or play,
 To pass the smiling hours away.

}

No stiff reserve, no pompous state,
 As oft, of old, on grandeur wait;
 No haughty fair, no high-born dame,
 Rejects her slighted lover's flame.
 No stiffen'd stays, no clasps of gold,
 As wore our grandmothers of old;
 No ruffles dangling to the knee,
 Impede these days of liberty!
 No antique ruff's affected size,
 Hides the fair bosom's extacies!
 Nor yet these robes of long long trail,
 Nor yet these hoops of monstrous swell,
 Like mountains lab'ring now are seen,
 In birth of tiny mouse within;
 Or Indian pagods, swelling-vain,
 To mock the godlings they contain!

Yet still some useless swells appear,
 Both in the van and in the rear

Of our high Fair! yet be forgiven
Some venial faults! have mercy, Heaven!
On our dear daughters, copying ay
From wanton *Gallia*, loose and gay!
—All else, a decent freedom reigns,
O'er cities gay and rural plains!
While lively manners, easy-light,
From Gothic rudeness clearing bright,
Pervade all ranks, and equal run,
From lowly cottage to the throne.

Lovely polish of the mind,
Parent of high delights refin'd,
Of taste and wit and social joy,
What's life, without thy sweet employ?
What's life, without thy chearing rays,
To gild our gloomy path of days?
While all the Graces sportive play,
And all the Loves keep holy-day:
And all the Muses touch the string,
To welcome in the breathing Spring!

And

And now *Edina* ! let me tell,
 Thy graceful Nymphs that all excel !
 Their matchless worth than beauty more,
 Long let my raptur'd soul adore !

Then who shall lead the gentle band,
 The *female Glories* of our land ;
 With flowing locks like threads of gold,
 Adown their lovely shoulders roll'd,
 Or jetty-black or flaxen-fair,
 While eke their look, their shape, their air,
 Bespeak them more than mortal fair !

First * noble *Gordon*, whose bright eyes,
 Tho' heavenly-sweet, not more surprize,
 Than her liberal heart and hand,
 Pouring bounties o'er the land.
 Hail *Scotland's* gem ! *fair northern Star* !
 That shedst thy glory from afar !
 Not less a gentle smiling light,
 To cheer the sweet domestic scene,
 Than a fair splendor sparkling bright,
 T' adorn the court of *British Queen* !

See

* The Duchess of Gordon,

See * lovely *Forbes* grace the train,
 Graceful, modest, never vain,
 To noblest Partner nobly join'd,
 Both mirrors of each other's mind!

See † *Clark* with genius blest and truth,
 Smiling in immortal youth;
 With eyes of beauty, stately mien,
 She looks or Love's or Wisdom's Queen!

See ‡ modest *Belfches* all complete,
 Of thousand charms a bundle sweet;
 And lively § *Hamilton*, whose charms
 Of wit and beauty spread alarms.

See || *Macrae*, of matchless air,
 With fairest feature, heart as fair!
 Just so a lily, modest-mild,
 Breathes its sweet odours o'er the wild!
 And as its snowy breast it rears,
 A type of innocence appears!

See

* Lady Forbes.

† Lady Clark.

‡ Lady Belfches.

§ The Countess of Haddington.

|| Mrs Macrae.

See fair *Macdonalds* close the rear,
And other *Urquharts* still appear,
Burnets and *Oliphants*, a throng,
Of matchless maidens, fair and young!
Whose praise my Muse would fainly sing,
But Time that flies with speedy wing,
Bids me leave the town a-while,
For harder studies, harder toil!

Farewel, *Edina*! long be gay!
Long flourish in eternal May!
For Science, Wit and Learning known,
And all the polish'd arts thine own!
Thy glory spread, and travel far,
Circling the earth, like *Phæbus*' car!
In learned Poet still excel,
On whose sweet lips the Muses dwell!
But happier minstrel meet thine ear,
Than he who sings thy praises here!
—For genius in th' historic page,
Long let thy *Robertsons* engage,
And *Humes* and *Stuarts* thro' every age.

Monroes

Monroes and *Cullens* long impart
Their lessons in the healing art!
And other *Blairs* arise to tell,
The glorious art of writing well!
May patriot *Buchans* still arise,
T' explore thy fair antiquities,
Thy history, manners, customs old,
And *Eden*! long mayst thou behold,
Patriots just and traders true,
And learned Lawyers not a few,
That value virtue more than gold!

THE
WEEPING BARD;
OR,
GENIUS IN DISTRESS.
A POEM,
IN SIXTEEN CANTOS.

Written in the Years 1787 and 1788.

Sunt lacrimæ rerum.

VIRGIL,

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author is aware that the Poem of the **WEEPING BARD** will be looked upon as singular in its kind. Yet so has his life been, so his misfortunes ; and he has endeavoured to account for the latter, by that particular constitution both of body and mind, so peculiar to himself. The particulars described of the constitution and habits of a Poet, he hopes will be found not the least entertaining parts of the work. He has occasionally intermixed description, and given as much variety as possible to the other parts, consistent with the tone of grief and melancholy, which upon the whole predominates. Upon the subject of love, he confesses, he has descanted freely, perhaps more than he should have done, particularly towards the end ; but he begs to be understood in a delicate sense, and that nothing is farther from his views, than any thing immoral.—As to the Verse, it is of that irregular kind of stanza so peculiar and beautiful in the Italian writers ; and he presumes it will recommend itself by its variety and suitableness to the subject.

DEDICATION;

TO

THE BEAUTIFUL AND VIRTUOUS FAIR
OF EDINBURGH!

I,

TO You, ye Fair, that grace Edina's bowers,
Her various-winding walks, and rising towers!
In beauty as in goodness all complete,
I dedicate these mournful ditties sweet!
My own sad tale of woe!
Me weary woeful wight how can ye know?

E 2

But

DEDICATION.

But read my strains and soon you'll weeping see,
A strange wild scene of misery,
As e'er a Bard befel !
My life, my heart, my failings all I'll tell,
Poor simple, silly I !
Me, fool, some deem, who think they know me
 well !
But yet to know me best, go read my history !

II.

Read on, ye Gentle Fair, and still read on
These artless strains ! still further as you go,
More sweet, more tender still they warbling
 flow,
From heart, as pitying tender as your own !
But never, never, may your dear souls know,
From sad experience, such dire cause of woe !
May you, your happier earthly wishes find,
In friends, and lovers, constant all as kind !
Still may you greet,
The smiles of Fortune sweet,

Without

DEDICATION.

Without her angry frown!

Be health, and wealth, and pleasure all your
own!

And may each gay-revolving year,

With golden success crown your blooming love!

Be virtuous still as fair! your fame shall soar
above!

III.

And here, oh think not, my good Virtuous
Fair!

Altho' my lines full tender are,

Nay oft on love with amorous descant dwell,

That I some lovel am in dark disguise,

With loose intent his wanton tale to tell,

To poison your sweet hearts!

Oh no, believe me by your own fair eyes!

(Those purest eyes without deceit or harm,

Only with mild affection warm,

While oft their springs are set on flow,

For human misery and woe!)

Believe me, tho' my lines are warm and free,

That I, fair Virtue, as yourselves, revere!

Nor

DEDICATION.

Nor aught but virtuous souls can e'er behold,
With pure sincere delight ! where I am wrong,
Forgive me, for the sake of all your throng !
Forgive me, for the woes I've borne so long !
Forgive me for yourselves ! I drop a tear,
On what may faulty seem ; and claim your
pardon dear !

THE
WEEPING BARD.

CANTO I.

*Wherein he laments the general neglect that Genius
and Poetry meet with from the world; with the
hardships of his own case in particular.*

I.

AS the sad pelican in lone retreat
Of desarts wild, bewails with plaintive cry;
Or as the redbreast's shrilly warblings sweet,
Mourn at the closing year, *the*
Midst autumn's sapless boughs and foliage dry;
So all amidst his wither'd fortune dear,
The *Weeping Bard* pours his melodious tear,
Sad solace of his fate in plaintive strains full
dear!

—But

II.

—But say, oh where shall I,
Begin my woeful Elegy!
My heart, at every pore,
Bleeds with her wounds, and cries to sing no
more:

Woes me! I hardly sing, I rather weep,
And my sad couch in tearful torrents sleep,
Pining my hopeless fate,
Alas, alas, too late!—

—And yet, if bliss were made for man on earth,
Sure learned bard need never once repine!
Who train'd and season'd to his humble birth,
Leaves the gay world to bask in fortune's shine,
And rule at ease this senseless earthly ball,
Full blest, if to his lot some portion fall
Of life's few wants, content and peace withal:—
But, ah! that blest content is far from me,
While grip'd in iron-chains of wretched penurie!

III.

Ye kings, retain your pageantry of state,
I seek not royalty nor riches rare;

I envy not the gewgaws of the great,
 I envy not their grandeur with their care!
 Hear me, kind Heaven, in * *Agur's* modest
 prayer!

Be mine the golden mean,
 Not pamper'd ease, I ween,
 That lulls the soul in stupid indolence,
 But raiment, food, and sober competence,
 And oh! far off drive ghastly poverty,
 That foe to honest fame, and virtuous industry.

IV.

In days of old our bards far'd wondrous well:
 Preft from the grape they drank the blood-red
 wine:

With royal dainties fed they fat and fang,
 Warming their wit to higher flights divine:
 Hence *Homer's* harp with bolder spirit rang;
 And hence the † *Teian Muse*, th' *Horatian* lyre,
 Catch'd, as from heaven, their matchless ease
 and fire.

F

But

* Proverbs xxx. 8, 9.

† Anacreon.

But feasted now no more by courts and kings,
 The meagre Minstrel solitary sings;—
 Nor wine, nor dainties rare, his drooping soul
 inspire!

V.

Oh where, oh where, shall I,
 Light on the blessed heart of charity!
 Has Learning now no where to lay her head?
 Is there no good *Mæcenas*, as of yore,
 To raise her from the shade?
 Can She no where a generous friendship wed?
 Alas, alas! no more
 She walks with ivy or with laurel crown'd,
 As once on *Alphæus'* or on *Tiber's* shore,
 Where true desert its meed of glory found,
 While rival-wits applaud, and nations shout
 around!

VI.

—Ah, me! how hard to tell each nameless woe,
 Tangling thy primrose-path, sweet Poesy!
 What cruel thorns wound thy laurell'd brow!
 What dying life thou liv'st of misery!

How

How more than other men's thy various ills!
How every stroke with triple wounding kills!—
Sometimes thy raptures run too high;
Anon like rolling Ocean waxen dry,
Thy fortune leaves thee on the barren shore,
To mourn with ebbing flood thy fast-retreating
store.

VII.

Tho' Virtue fair thy humble hut adorn,
Virtue thy darling theme, and heart's delight,
And Innocence, as clear as orient morn,
And simple Honesty, old-fashion'd wight,
With knowledge, genius and each science bright,
Yet these abandon'd all may weep forlorn,
Unheeded and unknown,
By worldling proud despis'd, and left to pine
alone!

VIII.

The smooth-shav'n chin; the locks fair-curling
high;
The gaudy coat; the easy soft address,
Dazzle the idle world's false-judging eye,
With all the showy charms of emptiness!

These showy charms, thy pensive bard, alas!
 Too often scorns, rapt high in Learning's lore:
 Oft too neglects t' increase his worldly store,
 Or rather makes his present pittance less,
 And lives on waste, and spends, and hopes in
 vain for more!

IX.

Ah! woes me! the luckless time,
 We give to books and Muse sublime!
 How many hard laborious days,
 How many nights have seen our toil,
 Wasted o'er lamps and midnight-oil,
 To reach the sacred boon of well-earn'd praise!
 But ah, we labour on with useless pain!
 Pale Poverty, with all her fullen train,
 Slander, disdain, and cruel scorn,
 From ignorance, and pride and malice borne,
 Is all the fair reward we gain,
 Which makes poetic wight in gloomy nook to
 mourn.

X.

Behold the dull, the wealthy, and the proud,
 Insult your path, where'er you tread,

And

And frowning scowl, or turn away the head!
 Such heinous crime it seems, t' adorn the mind,
 And keep the outward frame uncouth and rude!
 How oft that heavenly lyre,
 (With my rais'd fancy all on fire,
 To sing some high-imagin'd things,
 The turns of empire, or the fall of kings,)
 I dash on earth, to think what host of foes,
 Our *matchless* art oppose,
 With not one simple friend, to share our various
 woes!

XI.

—Of late a *London-Critic*, with bold brow,
 Cries, rugged Minstrel, what art thou;
 That thus in ragged thread-bare coat,
 With pipe of straw and * scrannel note,
 Dar'st boldly tune thy reed!
 Yet draw'st the breath of wild barbarian air,
 With clownish bumpkins and their clouted
 shoon,
 Beyond the broomy *Tweed*! —

How

* Milton.

How cam'st thou here, rude swain ! from such
a rout !

A mere unletter'd lout,
Like *Hobbinol*, or silly *Colin Clout*,
In simple * *Philips*' days of old,
That scarce a sheep-hook knew to hold,
And fram'd their vulgar trashy lays,
In rude colloquial phraze,
With no imagination's gaudy rays,
No spangled metaphors, no words of gold,
Set off with thick-lac'd broidery so fine,
To make our fancy burn along each glowing
line !

XII.

Yes, *Master Critic* ! let the homely phraze,
Of rough-spun woodland lays,
And sweet simplicity still crown my song !
My harp to wildness defly strung ;
My Muse still roaming Nature's wildest maze !
And if some homely plants shall grow,
Amid the fairer shrubs that blow,
Or weeds shoot up the meadow-flowers among,

As

* Ambrose Philips, author of the Pastorals.

As cowslips, with the brighter lily set;
The yellow clover, with the violet;
The crow-toe, daisy, with the endive blue;
The coarser, but sets off the fairer hue;—
So let me still, my homespun phraze pursue!
So let my woodlands still remain!
The rocky mountain and the savage dell,
With all the various plants that on them dwell!
For homespun still is dear to me,
Midst all the woes of penurie!
Whether on *Tay's* or *Forth's* flowery plain,
I keep my sheep, on commons fed:
Whether in russet mantle clad,
I trudge the lowland vales along;
Or else with *highland tartan* round me flung,
I roam the *Grampian mountains* wild,
Amidst a waste of snows:—
Still let me lay me down, at evening's close,
On my own strawy feat, or rushy bed,
While my own streamlet's sound, shall lull me
to repose.

XIII.

How hard the hearts that pathos cannot melt,
Nor sweet simplicity's enchanting tongue!
They love nor tenderness have never felt,
Nor, raptur'd, woo'd the skylark's matin-song!
Nor hail'd the smiles of sweet-returning May,
With all the rural transports, void of care!
Begone for them, sweet Innocence so fair!
Begone for them, the tear of Sympathy!
Domestic peace, and amity, and joy,
With all those tender young affections rare,
That lisping fall from prattling Infancy,
Or play delighted in their glowing eye!
But oh, for me such joys for ay!
For ever fold them in my heart-blood warm,
To consecrate my soul from harm,
From evil tongues and evil eyes;
Welcome my heavenly-dear, my golden sympathies!

C A N T O

CANTO II.

Casts an eye of sorrow and regret on the past pleasures of youth.—Written in May 1787.

I.

CURST be the foes the tender Muse that
wound!

Ye demons sink to night profound!
Where Lethargy and Dulness nod,
And lazy Lethe sleeps in mud,
And barrenness, and squalid filth abound!
Where no blest light clothes the sad plains,
But Darkness, dreary Darkness, reigns,
And rules with banner black unfurl'd,
And leaden-scepter'd sway, the subterranean
world.

II.

Did I misname the blessed time,
I gave to books and Muse sublime,
Forgive the sacrilegious crime!

G

Ten

Ten thousand thanks on Heaven await,
 That chequer'd so my wayward fate,
 And strew'd my path of misery,
 With the wild flowers of poesy !
 Not hireling Critic's angry spite,
 Tho' foaming with *Johnsonian* rage,
 Ruthless as blind, and pert as dull,
 Nor all the whips in Fortune's school,
 Shall rob me of the glorious privilege,
 To sing to Nature's praise, and weave the rural
 rhyme.

III.

Even now for rural ease and air,
 I leave the town, tho' passing-fair,
 Just when the Morn's broad-opening eye,
 Wakes the whole woodland-minstrelsy !
 And milkmaid blythe, with brimming pail,
 Comes tripping o'er the soft-green dale ;
 And gray-clad swain, with forelocks lank and
 long,
 Sweeping the dew-bright lawns along,
 Cheers his dull oxen with a drowsy song.

See

See all with mirth and verdure shine,
To chear this care-worn heart of mine !
And lo, to soothe each sorrow's wound,
A thousand smiling flow'rets rise,
Purpling the green and velvet ground,
With living cups and bells and eyes,
Thick-sown like sparkling gems, or stars in
azure skies !

IV.

Hail rural pleasures ever-new !
How, when a School-boy, did I woo
Your simple sweets ! hail'd the blest day,
That gave me back the balmy May !
Enraptur'd heard the wild lark sing,
To usher in the *laughing Spring* ;
Mark'd the sky ting'd with softer blue,
While bland and warm the Zephyrs flew ;
Watch'd the first blow of daisies wild,
Or snow-drop, *Flora's* earliest child !
Now drew the breath of fresh-mown hay,
Or flowering beans, or birchen-spray,
Now with the tender lambs made all my play.

V.

Anon, when *Summer* in her chariot bright,
O'er heaven and earth effus'd a fiercer light,
I sought the sweet-briars cool perfume,
Or walk'd the golden banks of broom :
Now wading catch'd the finny prey ;
Now to the bowery thicket held my way,
Listening the linnet's artless song,
Or even to rob her callow young,
Would sometimes dare ! tho' not with fell
intent !

—I only wish'd some woodland-lay ;
While careful in the wiry frame ypent,
I fed the clamorous brood with dainties many
a day.

VI.

Next when *pale Autumn*, like a matron staid,
Came pensive on, with clear but sober eye ;
I rang'd the yellow fields, and musing stray'd,
Rapt in sad serious moods of ecstasy !
Even then did Nature strike my stripling eye,
And

And touch my bosom with a poet's fire!
'Twas then I first essay'd the *Dorian Lyre*,
Tho' in rude strains of rural minstrelsy:—
One blest October-morn,
Under the haw-red thorn!
Just when *yon Abby's* moss-clad spire,
'Gan to catch *Sol's* golden fire,
While, melting to the brightening air,
The fine-spun webs of gossamer,
Dispersing with the light-heel'd dew,
Sail'd in long trails thro' ether blue.
Oh golden and propitious time,
To woo the willing Muse sublime!
Full sixteen years had then matur'd my ripen-
ing prime.

VII.

Last when *hoar Winter* came with sweepy sway,
To rule the plain; how gladden'd it my soul,
Round the corn-heaps to run in gleeful play,
Or urge the snow-balls gathering as they roll!
Or trap the pigeon blue in tangling toils,
The black-bird, red-breast, or the chattering
jay!

Now

Now all these boyish sports are gone for ay!
Nor more each coming year with changeful
pastime smiles!

VIII.

Blest, and innocent, and free,
Void of care and penurie!
Oh! give me back once more such halcyon-days,
Far from the world's tumultuous ways!
Oh! give me back once more such golden time,
And I will yield thee up the willing Muse sub-
lime!

IX.

Lo, once more I tread the plain,
Breathing its free delights again!
But far other heart I bring,
While Sorrow's still-returning sting,
Galls my sad breast and blasts my joy,
And fills with blinding tears mine eye;
To think o'er pleasures, long long past!
To think how short the present last!
To think how all my friends are gone,
And I in desert left alone!

From

From day to day, from hour to hour,
 A pensioner on fortune's power!
 And who, from fortune's nature wild, *nurture*
 Will dare to snatch her luckless child?
 Say, dwells such pitying ruth in Christian bosom
 mild?

X.

Such *Chatterton*, thy fate, and *Savage*, thine!
 Brethren alike in wit, and misery!
 This latter nobly born, of spirit high,
 By cruel mother fell, an outcast thrown
 To the bleak winds: short while thus left alone,
 On him sweet beams of royal grace did fall,
 And *Pope*, the general friend, his miseries won!
 But wayward, careless, proud, and wild withal,
 Thro' wilder waves of woe he dauntless past,
 Long tost by fortune's blast;
 Till to a prison-dungeon driven at last,
 He found his fatal port and woeful funeral!

XI.

Need I on *Otway's* dire misfortunes dwell,
 Or wretched *Collins'* melancholy close?
 Endless it were to tell the deaths and woes

Of

Of many a bard and wit of high renown,
That in these latter Gothic times befel,
All which I suffering weep or dread mine own!
Distress and disappointment, want and scorn,
Heart-agonies, and anguish; buffets borne,
Ten thousand thousand to the world unknown!
Full more already undergone,
Than my best future days can e'er atone!
And worser still perhaps to come,
So wayward luckless is my doom,
More miserably wild than my sad heart can tell!

CANTO

C A N T O I I I

Gives an account of the Bard's early disposition to melancholy, and other mournful objects.

I.

OH what a weary web of woes to come,
 Has fortune spun for me, her woeful wight!
 How dath'd with sorrow-chequer'd gloom,
 Even of my happiest days, the seasons bright!
 From infancy's sweet lowly clime,
 To manhood's uphill-path sublime!—
 While many a boding dream my fate foretold,
 Even to my childhood's not unheeding eyes!
 What black funereal skies,
 With mourning weeds o'erhung, my sleep o'er-
 spread,
 With not one streak nor brighter shred,
 To chear the dark and long continuous shade!
 Till sudden from the stormy north at last,
 A golden cloud came all in haste,

H

Casting

Casting sweet splendor on the pitchy night ;—
 Then out smil'd Cherub-Day, with pleasures
 fluttering bright !

II.

Nor stay'd they long.—Again my fortune
 frown'd,

Again black clouds invest the troubled sky !
 Again fierce lightnings rage, and tempests fly,
 Thro' the vast concave of the dark profound !—
 Sometimes, midst pathless woods I wander'd wild,
 A crying helpless child ;
 And oft midst thorns or rugged brambles torn !
 Sometimes, in deepest pits condemn'd to mourn !
 Anon, to climb the craggy steep
 I seem'd to strain, and labour even in sleep !
 Till down with headlong haste as fast I fell,
 Thro' a drear space of void and viewless air,
 As to all sight or touch it endless were !
 So weary, long and hopeless was my fall,
 I wak'd with starting tears as from my funeral !

III.

And yet some sunshine-gleams still cheer'd my
 view,

Thro'

Thro' the long darkness of my fate unkind!—
 How blest in infancy the fresh-blown mind,
 With endless sights of objects ever-new!
 With the long pastimes of a summer-day!
 With fairy tales of old; each mighty feat
 Of *Valentine*, or *Orson*, or *St George*,
 That with the dragon made a bloody fray!
 Or the *Seven Champions*, all as brave as they!
 Or *Fortunatus* with his *Wishing-Hat*!
 Even to the *doughty deeds of Tommy Thumb*!
 How happy, happy then,
 With the dear present of a sixpence gay,
 On Christmas-time or other holy-day,
 To run to wandering pedlar at his stall,
 Then buy a choice of learned books withal,
 For tedious winter-eve by ruddy-beaming fire!

I V.

Then oh, what raptures gave the prancings bold
 Of errant-knight, or king, or heroe old;
 A *Cesar*, *Heclor* *Paladin* at least,
 As forth they prick their courfers all in haste,
 To gloomy fight in some lone desert's bound,

By savage mountain hoar,
 Where angry monsters fell are heard to roar!
 Or some lone damsel cries with shrieks profound,
 In some vile lecher's hot embrace!
 Or else, from where enchanted castle stands,
 Waves with her snowy hands,
 And shows from balcony her lovely face,
 Crying for aid against magician tall,
 That with transforming rod, and wizard-spell,
 Now turns to paradise a desert wild,
 Now palace fills with blackest imps from hell,
 Or makes a waste again where once an Eden
 smil'd.

V.

But chief dear * *Crusoe*, thy sweet page beguil'd
 The wildest hours of thoughtless infancy;
 With dear conceits and soft affections mild,
 Thy tale diverts with never-ceasing joy!
 How must thou pine, left all alone,
 With nought but sea and sky around thee
 thrown,

Pent

* The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.

Pent up in desert-ile forlorn,
Th' eternal murmur of whose angry deep,
All waste and wild far off for many a mile,
Forbids all intercourse with dear mankind!
—Yet such thy stronger mind,
Or resignation to high Heaven's best will,
Tho' oft you mourn'd, and even like me could
weep;

Yet well I ween, you kept your patience still,
While many a strange device and manly toil,
Bade your long hours of solitude to smile!
Oh might such patience meek my lingering
hours beguile!

VI.

Are we not all such exiles here below?
Banish'd a while from heaven our native shore!
Coop'd in this ball of earth, where tempests
blow
Of interposing cares, and oceans roar,
A wild, unbounded sea without a shore!
Meanwhile, tho' here dark seas wide-circum-
vent,

And

And all in tears our mournful days we sleep,
 Why not still court gay Hope, with golden
 wings,

That up to heaven's high gate ascends and sings?
 Why not, still eye that higher Continent,
 While low on earth we weep,

If haply we may 'scape the boundless deep?

—But I, abandon'd all to mourn,

With tears, and groans, and anguish, feed my
 soul!

While griefs, without controul,

And thousand sorrows in my bosom burn,

From instant-pressing woes!—But I return,

To the gay thoughtless cares of childish infancy.

VII.

What pleasure gave me then,

Or legendary tale or ballad old,

Of *Hardiknute* the bold,

Or maudlin merry *Christ's Kirk* on the green!

The *Golden Terge*, the *Cherry* and the *Sloe*!

The * *grey-cowl'd Friar* and many more!—

But

* The excellent English Ballad called the Friar of Orders
 Grey.

But chief *that Song of Babes* in savage wood,
 By cruel uncle fell expos'd forlorn,
 Humour'd even then my early love to mourn,
 And see the red-breast with his little bill,
 Gathers soft leaves to strow their corpes dear,
 And mourns their hapless fate with many a
 tuneful tear!

VIII.

Even fairies sung their dirge to lonely wind;
 (So antient legends tell:)
 Along each wizard-wood, or elfin-dell,
 Was heard a still tho' melancholy knell.
 Queen *Oberon*, with all her green-clad train,
 Rose, as of old, fair * *Thetis* from the main,
 With all her nymphs to mourn *Achilles* slain!
 As she, from watry caves and coral-bowers,
 So they, from blooming vales and beds of
 flowers,
 Uprose, and wail'd in lamentable strain.
 Thrice round the bier they mourn'd, and thrice
 the grave;
 And long in bands at morn, or dewy eve,

Mov'd

* See Homer's *Odyssy*, B. XXIV. near the beginning.

Mov'd all unseen,
Upon the printless green,
Their melancholy rounds in sad array,
And thrice invok'd the dead, and sung the funeral lay!

IX.

Such tales did then my infant-hours delight,
And move my easy credence light!
And oft thro' solitude's sweet serious walks,
Where mimic Echo talks,
Even then, a pensive-wandering boy,
I roam'd all silent-sad, as woe-begone!
Even then the dreary tomb,
Or hoary Ruin's venerable shade,
With moss or ivy all fantastic clad,
Or huge o'er-hanging rock's more awful gloom,
That rears to heaven its mist-envelop'd head,
With oaks or tallest ashes spread,
Tossing their giant-arms below!—
Such objects pleas'd of old ere yet I felt of woe!

X.

Sometimes to hail the rising Morn,
Spreading her golden locks o'er eastern hill,

From

From downy pallet quick I sprang !
Then raptur'd heard the hunter's spritely horn,
Thro' the green wood echoing thrill,
Till hill and valley rang !
Then to wild lonelier haunts far off I hied ;
By parents miss'd for many a dreary time,
While oft I clamb the rugged hill sublime,
Or wander'd by the fountain's verdant side,
All penfive and alone ! oft gathering flowers,
And roaming with the bee a world of sweets,
Or talking to the pismire ! oft remote,
I fought at noon the shady grot,
A shelter from the burning sun,
When raging *Sirius* reign'd ! full oft at eve,
Pale, pleasing, penfive, melancholy eve,
I held my way along the moonlight-glades,
And yellow-chequer'd shades,
Musing the most romantic things,
On Nature's wondrous power !
From day to day admiring more and more !
Winter's hoar waste ! fair Summer's purple
store !

The Sun's gold-streaming ray !

The sweet vicissitudes of night and day !

Pale Cynthia's evening lamp ! Night's starry
train !

The hollow-murmuring woods, and loud-re-
founding main !

XI.

Even now oppress'd with noontide-heat,

I court yon alley's dark retreat,

Where scarce a wandering sunbeam flings

His golden ray ; and thistle sings

With warbles high midst arbours green ;

And oft the lonely bee is seen

Climbing the haw-thorn's flowering bough,

Gold willow-blooms, or heath-bells blue ;

Or loads her busy-wandering feet

With purple clover's essence sweet ;

Fair easy-purchas'd store for waxen palace meet :

XII.

Hail, tuneful murmurer ! whose blest toil

Fortune rewards with honied spoil !

Singing all the flowery year,

Certain of your winter-fare,

Unlike

Unlike my Muse, whose simple song,
Midst Nature's walks, tho' founding long,
Now feels her fading notes decay,
Unnotic'd by the Great or Gay,
While harden'd Avarice mocks her lyre,
And Penury and Want surround her social fire!

C A N T O

C A N T O IV.

*Wherein the Bard laments the loss of his Cottage
and Books, and complains of the falsehood and
treachery of Friends.*

I.

HOW passing blest were I,
Did but my *straw-thatch'd cottage* still remain,
On yonder mountain's sunny side!
There rapt, like Druid old, in musings high,
To gaze on Nature with romantic eye,
From the fair host of stars,
That wheel unnumber'd thro' the boundless sky,
Marking our days and years,
To liberal-handed Autumn's pearly grain,
Or the wild wave-beat pebble-bedded shore!
Sometimes to hear remote old Ocean roar,
And heave aloft his deeps profound,
While many a tall ship cleaves his foamy tide!

Anon

Anon to mark the peaceful-wooded vales,
 Wide-waving in the fluttering gales,
 And all the corny-cover'd plain,
 Where happy hinds enjoy the rural reign !
 Oh for my fav'rite haunts again !
 My turf-built feats beneath the shade,
 Where oft my dear old bards I read !
 My long long walks adown the hill,
 Where oft I heard the woodlark's trill,
 Or lively clack of busy mill !
 Oh for my *beechn* bowl, my *maple* chair,
 Where oft I ate my simple fare,
 And conn'd in peace my evening-prayer !
 Then took me to my bed of rest,
 No fear, no care within my breast !
 Then nought I fear'd those ugly demons fell,
 With iron-scourge and angry yell,
 That haunt the miscreant's bed !
 Secure I slept, heaven's blessing on my head !
 Then nought I fear'd, tho' round my shaking cell,
 Even tempests roar'd with such wild din,
 * As heaven and earth they would together melt !

Oh

* Thomson's Castle of Indolence.

Oh for such safe snug haunts again !
 But ah, I wish them all in vain ;
 For now, nor simple cot, nor fav'rite haunts are
 there !

II.

Even my old *fav'rite minstrels* too are gone !
 So hard the fate of woeful penurie !
 All, all are fold,
 For lack of gold !
 Tho' many a fav'rite minstrel dwelt with me !
 Sometimes, my even-companions by the fire !
 Sometimes, at morn, beneath the greenwood-
 tree !

Oft too when laid a-bed
 Like pillows by my head,
 They whisper'd fairy dreams of old to me.
 But now these fairy dreams are fled for ay,
 Gone, gone as they had never been !
 No *Homer*, *Virgil*, on my shelves are seen,
 No sweet *Athenian bard*, no *Latian lay* ;
 No grave historian's curious page,
 No graver philosophic sage,
 The thoughts refin'd of antient time display !

No

No reverend minstrel from th' *Italian* shore,
No *Dante*, *Tasso*, no soft *Petrarch's* line,
No *Ariosto* wild:—no *Gallie* lore,
Sacred to polish'd Science and the Nine!
Nor what of *love-romance Hispania* bore,
With which my ravish'd fancy wont to burn:
—All, all have left me at this dreadful turn!
And now o'er all the well-known ground,
A sullen silence reigns around!
Even Spring lets fall a tear on every green,
Where oft my pausing steps were seen!
Nor art, nor nature now their charms diffuse,
To welcome back my pensive Muse,
To that dear antient spot where center'd all my
foul!

III.

No more with gentle friends I now regale
The lonely hours with harmless wit and joy!
No more with usquebea or nut-brown ale,
Drive from my soul each lingering care's annoy!
Such pleasures once were mine,
When in *Philander's hospitable hall*,

I careless pass'd each mirth-enliven'd day,
 And summer-suns roll'd unperceiv'd away!—
 With wit the Graces, then, and Learning, join'd!
 With *Phæbe*, then, I first had learn'd to toy!
 Who prov'd indeed my virgin-heart's decoy,
 But polish'd well my mind!—
 —With *Him*, the mild, humane and good,
 I shar'd my whole alternate pain and joy!
 I sung my passions and my loves,
 I talk'd of Venus and her billing doves,
 With all the mischiefs of her boisterous Boy!—
 —E'er since o'er all the desert-plain,
 I've sought for such a friend in vain!
And oh! too well too well I've known,
 What 'tis * *to ride, to run, to spend, and be undone!*

IV.

—Yet fain my soul its long-lost ease would find!
 Come to my breast, thou vernal wind!
 Ye wandering gales that odours blow,
 To cool the sickening blaze of noon,
 Have ye in store no sweet-refreshing boon,
 To quench my burning calenture of woe?

Yes—

* Spenser.

Yes—a sweet spirit whispering breathes,
 From off a thousand odorous leaves!
 (The voice of Zephyr kissing Flora's cheek,
 Cheek ever-blooming, balmy-breathing, meek:)
 Of power to banish every care;—
 Begone a while my woes! begone my sad de-
 spair!

V.

And see, just peeping from the verdurous wood,
 The fawns and lambkins frisk around!
 'Tis joy inspires the wanton mood,
 True heart-felt joy, o'er all fair *Fortba's* bound!
 See the gay birds in amorous pairs,
 All round their little nests employ'd!
 No jarrings midst their household-cares,
 No faithless spouse, no loveless bride!
 With them no wonted loves grow cold,
 No idle summer-friends forsake:—
 Nor hid in wiles, like wreathed snake,
 Fell, deadly foes their life's calm tenor break!

VI.

Alas! too well, too well I'm taught,
 With what deceit, what crooked wiles!

K

What

What envy, hatred, cloth'd in smiles,
 The secret soul of man is fraught!
 Even now it strikes my wounded heart,
 That slanderous, false, insidious dart,
 Of once a friend to my dear heart-strings tied,
 But now a wretched homicide!
 Since he my wonted peace hath slain,
 And mocks the tears he caus'd, and triumphs
 in my pain!

VII.

Ingratitude! thou fiend, more savage far,
 Than famine, plague, or wide-devouring sea,
 To poison turn't the kindly food we gave!
 All, all, unthankful is receiv'd by thee!—
 —And yet this friend I rais'd from lowest shade;
 Inglorious artist! lent him all my name!
 Gave him my friends! but low ambition vile,
 And envy brooding at his heart the while,
 That name he stain'd! those friends my foes
 he made!
 Coin'd first one lye, and then another brought!—
 My simple honest heart was all in fault!
 That

That thus suspicionless of wound or harm,
Or aught that might repent me of my cost,
Took to my inmost dearest bosom warm,
And cherish'd long this stinging viper vile,
That under simpering, modest-seeming smile,
Conceal'd more pride than *Lucifer* can boast!
But now he's gone and left our happy coast!
Oh might begone with him our other foes,
That *hydra-like* sprout up with horrid head!—
Shall fortune never cease her dire-repeated blows!

VIII.

Still Grief returns! Fortune, I yield;
Since shady grove, nor flowery field,
Nor blooming, rosy-footed May,
Nor yet the heavenly Muse's blest allay,
Supply the lenient arts they did of yore:—
Yet welcome pleasures, dear as my heart's core!
Still something ye bestead,
When other bliss is fled:
When thousand dire misfortunes press,
And my past joys grow less and less!

Lo, heaven gives courage still to sing,
* *Edina's praise*, on sounding string!
Heaven gives some courage still to brave,
Adversity's opposing wave,
Till the last billow sink my head,
And *Fortha* mourns her bard low levell'd with
the dead!

* See the Poem on Edinburgh.

CANTO

C A N T O V

*Pathetically laments the death of a favourite Boy of
four years of age.*

I.

OH for a sea of tears to weep his doom!
My sweetest flower cut off in early prime!
 While yet his worth sublime,
 Blossom'd to smiling heaven elysian bloom;—
 Now pale and wither'd all in dungeon of the
 tomb!

II.

O ye to Pæan and Hygeia dear,
 Where were ye then, ye healing sons of art!
 With all your essenc'd airs, and potions mild!
 —To save from filthy dæmon wild
 Of dire disease, so blest a sweet-soul'd child!
 Had well deserv'd your tenderest care!
 Woes me, ye were not there!

Nor

78 THE WEEPING BARD.

Nor yet, ye balmy-breathing gales,
Blown from Arabian vales,
Forbade those eye-balls, charmers late so bright,
To set, like golden stars, in everlasting night!

III.

Avails not now to tell what charms were thine,
My best, my fairest found!
Fairest to me, on mortal ground!
Nor what enliven'd tender grace,
Sat on thine angel-face!
Nor on thy rosy limbs what form divine!
Ah now, all deadly-pale,
In Death's dark silent vale,
Fades the dear image on the mind's sad eye!
That heavenly voice, alas, is hush'd for ay!
Long, long to me the balm of every care!
Now hush'd in Death's dark cave, and lost in
silence drear.

IV.

—And shall those eyes I hail'd like dawning day,
And often kiss'd their falling tears away,
Sweeter than dew on cheek of May,

Shall

Shall they no more, with angel-goodness smile!

Ah woes me the while!

Now could my heart weep blood for tears,

And weep, and weep again for years!

To think o'er all thy fond delights of yore,

That soul of innocence, that heart of joy!

Those hands, those feet in endless dear employ!

Alas, alas, no more,

To bless our mortal shore!

Ah woes me the while! ah woes for evermore!

V.

Oh that to drown my grief, all thought were
lost!

And every finer feeling gone!

Oh that I stood a rock on *Scythian* coast,

Deaf to the winds and storms that ever blow!

Then should I never feel my cause of woe,

And all unconscious, never make my moan!

But here each object, bids my grief to flow!

Each childish play-thing, ne'er so mean and
low,

Bids

Bids memory to her view, *my Babe* display!
 Ah woes me the while! ah woes for long and
 ay!

VI.

—How dead is, now, all Nature to mine eye,
 That wont to smile, when Thou wert by!
 Lo, join'd in fullen walk,
 Pale Grief and Sorrow stalk,
 O'er the sad green where late thy footsteps play'd!
 Thy fav'rite field-flowers all are fled!
 Each jonquil, and each jess'mine passing-fair,
 That lov'd to crown thy auburn-hair,
 Now * pale their glossy hue,
 Wild hare-bells, and each vi'let darkly-blue,
 Pinks, pansies, and a thousand more beside!
 And now nor Summer-tide,
 Nor flower-embroider'd Spring, shall see thee
 more,
 Nor pour to thee their golden store;
 No more, my steps, with unaccustom'd glee,
 Shall tread yon lillied lawn, *with Innocence and*
 Thee!

VII. Ah

* Shakespear.

VII.

Ah me ! how reckless I,
Had promis'd years of golden joy,
From one so *good*, so *blest a Boy* !
But now shall aught on earth e'er cheer my soul,
My crown of joy, now thou art gone !
By cruel fate so soon,
Snatch'd from the golden sun,
And life's romantic wild-enchancing maze !
One blank of darkness all thy future days !
And all thy glory vanish'd like a dream,
A fleeting shadow, or the morning-dew !

VIII.

How wretched Man on life's death-wrecking
coast !
How all unseen the fatal storms that blow !
Where all but play a losing game at most,
And while from death they fly, to death they go !
Where Youth may wreck, but Age must surely
so !
Each day more nearer, as their course they run !
But oh how sad when scarce the voy'ge begun,
L Just

Just near the harbour's outlet gay,
 When all seems smiling, on the watery way,
 To sink for ever in the silent tomb,
 In childhood's early bloom!
 Those sweet eyes opening on the golden day,
 And smiling at the lambent ray,
 Then at Death's ruthless call,
 To close their lids for ay, in the black funeral!

IX.

How better far that I,
 For Thee, my darling Boy,
 Had fought the silence of the Stygian shore!
 Th' abode of rest for evermore,
 Which in this weary world I no where find!
 Yes, dearest Babe, with innocence all o'er,
 Wit, beauty, sense and sweetness all combin'd;
 Thou sure hadst own'd a fairer-woven fate,
 Than e'er could bless this chequer'd web of
 • mine!

X.

For me no beauteous charms of outward frame,
 No bold and graceful air like thine,

Not

Not equal spirit, no such soul of joy,
E'er fitted for the arduous paths of fame;
Hard as I find to keep my faltering way,
Poor imp of genius, broken and dismay'd,
Of all my pinions shorn,
While fortune holds me in her iron-chains,
Unfriended and forlorn,
And left all woe-begone with poverty to mourn!

XI.

But now far worse remains,
Far worse to me than every other woe,
To weep thy loss which nothing can restore!
And shall I never never see thee more?
Farewel then all delight,
Short gleams of comfort midst a world of cares!
Henceforth I'll make my joy in tears,
And waste my hopeless days in weeping plight!
Or shall I take my flight,
Like desperate lovers lorn in days of yore,
Or proud ambition thrown from kingly height,
To some dark desert den, or moss grown dell,
Or in some shaggy wilderness to dwell;

There to listening earth and skies,
To pour at ease my love-lorn harmonies,
For loss untimely of *my darling boy*,
With all my world of woe, and speechless mi-
series!

XII.

Methinks each ragged rock and cave profound,
Echoes in concert to my wailing strains,
Each weeping fountain warbling sad complaints,
And the wild groves in louder murmurs mourn!
Methinks the harmless herds that graze,
The tawny lion fierce, the bearded pard,
The blood-stain'd tyger, pitiless and fell,
Their savage natures quite lay by,
And grieve with me in solemn sympathy,
For heavy loss of such an angel gone,
Gone to his long sojourn,
Oh woeful chance, and never to return!

XIII.

But soon the woods themselves no longer please:
Ye groves and lonely brooks, again farewell!
Rather in chearful haunts of men I'll dwell,
And

And seek, mid sprightly crouds, a short-liv'd
ease.

Yet how can sprightly crouds appease my pain,
While my sad heart with restless anguish glows!
With smiling friends, I try to smile in vain:—
Alas, they know not of my silent woes!
Thus, burning *Etna* wastes with inward flame,
Whose sides with verdure smile, and top with
snows.

XIV.

Oh the dire anguish for the absent dead!
For buried worth in an untimely grave!
When not the touch of silver-sounding string,
Nor warbling woodlands wild, nor greenwood
shade,
Nor purple Even, nor golden Morn serene,
Nor Nature's flowery lap of thousand hues,
Nor every other earthly joy,
Can heal this wounded heart of mine,
Or steal my moments from their sad employ!

XV.

Not even bright *Poesy*, that heaven-born Maid,
Arm'd with the Lyre, and looks of living bloom,
Can

Can cheer the sorrows of the tomb,
 Or animate the cold and lifeless shade:
 Tho' like sweet Philomel, She wake dull night
 With her loud plaint, or rouse the slumbering
 morn,
 In vain She tries with breathing strains that
 burn,
 To wake the sleeping dead, or warm the sense-
 less urn!

XVI.

But yet, if aught my verse avails,
 To save from death a long endearing name,
 He still shall flourish thro' eternal days,
 Blazon'd in immortal lays!
 And live, in golden characters enshrined,
 Like sages, patriots, darlings of mankind;
 Or blown by fame's loud trump throughout
 the world;
 That all may know what angel-excellence,
 Descended from the skies,
 In earthly-fair disguise,
 Had come to bless our earth in latter times,
 But fled thus early back offended at her crimes!

XVII. Thus

XVII.

Thus fond distracted Fancy flattering sings,
Dallying distracted with her helpless pain :—
But cease, oh cease my weeping strings,
Nor touch that woeful note again !
For lo, each wight of woman born,
Dying, wretched and forlorn,
Is here to-day, and gone to-morrow !
Their life a tissue of the darkest grain,
Some tints of joy, but more of sorrow !
A few dull weary pastimes o'er,
They like a flow'ret all must fade,
And number'd with the silent dead,
The place that knew them once shall know
 them now no more !
Thus He of *Uz* * for patience much renown'd,
Plain'd in adversity's dark-lowering day ;
Yet stretch'd beyond life's scanty bound,
And grasp'd eternity's vast round.
So clear'd by hope, and faith's far-kenning eyes,
I see a glad creation rise,

Where

* Job.

Where pain, disease, and death are known no
more!

There golden groves and crystal-streams along,
W k'd by live winds, and balmy-breathing airs,
I yet behold *my angel-boy*,
Revel in immortal joy,
And tread with spirits blest th' empyreal floor:—
So help me ever, heaven! to thine eternal shore!

XVIII.

Farewel! a long good night, and many a day,
Dear, sweet, angelic, heavenly-blessed shade!
Light lye the turf upon thy sacred clay!
And Spring her earliest sweetest flow'rets spread!
Let soft-ey'd Innocence let fall a tear!
The Loves and Graces heave a melting sigh,
Nor even young Genius' rosy cheeks be dry,
O'er the pale corse She living lov'd so well,
Now laid in dungeon of the cold-dark tomb,
With death and silence ay a long long night to
dwell!

C A N T O VI

Was written in a country-solitude ; and describes the uneasiness arising in a feeling mind from the non-exercise of the softer passions.

I.

YET once more, O ye Muses, and once more,
 Thou Goddess of the weeping eye !
 Sweet Elegy yclept, whom * Sorrow bore,
 To tearful Pity near sad *Orphæus*' tomb !
 Fast by the *Thracian* shore,
 Where wildly-howling northwinds endless roar !
 Come with thy dark-loose locks, thy paly bloom !
 Thy pensive, musing, philosophic air,
 Sober, solemn and severe !
 And bring with thee *Urania*, heavenly-fair,

M

That

* The author does not pretend entirely to justify in his poem these allusions to the heathen mythology. He can only say for himself, that if they are not conformable to Christian-faith, they are at least agreeable as poetical embellishments ; and that he can plead Milton, as well as the best Italian poets for his precedent.

That tunes her high-immortal strings
 To sing diviner things,
 Than all the train of *Aganippe's* well,
 Or those on *Pindus'* top that dwell!
 Oh come, sweet Muse, with each remembrance
 high,
 Each sweet-embitter'd tear, each heart-felt sigh,
 To wake my lingering woe to pay its last arrear!

II.

For lo, last night, my dearest earthly joy,
 And latest lost from mortal ground!
 My sweet, angelic, heavenly-blessed Boy,
 Came in a vision, as I slept profound!
 His face, as wont, the mirrour of his breast,
 Look'd pleas'd content, and patience ever-blest!
 And Innocence, an angel there,
 Play'd in his heavenly eyes!
 I gaz'd with sweet surprize!
 "Whence comes, my dearest Babe? from what
 blest land?"
 He smiling nought replies!—
 But all my head and face embracing round,
 With

With many a fondle from his infant-hand !
And many a glance of eye my heart to move,
As if to pay me for *my endless love* !
He kiss'd me o'er and o'er !
Then vanish'd to be seen no more !
Sweet Babe, said I ! thus ever bless my rest !
Thus kindly show me that thyself art blest !
I'll smile at all my woes,
And my sad harass'd heart shall try to find re-
pose !

III.

Yet still thy matchless loss quite breaks my soul,
When others long had sunk me low !
How light comes now each other woe !
How vain each other pleasure's soft controul !
Can aught that's earthly ever cause me joy,
When Thou, an Angel dear, hast left me lorn ;
No more at evening's close, or rising morn,
To bless me with thy smiles and sports so free !
My dearest lost ! still throbs my heart for Thee !
No other pleasure equal'd such delight !
Even now I eye Thee to the realms of joy,

Where fast thou fliest like light'ning thro' the
night!

But ah, in vain I'd join thy company,
Tho' heaven-expecting, still a weary wight,
Condemn'd to toil throughout this world of
tears,

Where all a sad vicissitude appears,
Of dark turmoil and woe, and earthly-carking
cares!

IV.

But Thou, from all thy cares, hast found re-
pose!

Rather from all thy sports! thy cares were none!
No more thy harmless laugh, or prattling tongue,
Or the wild wit that in thy bosom glow'd,
Are heard to whisper in the lonely wind!
All, all are hush'd beneath the grass-green sod!
Oh no, the *Better Part*, th' aerial mind,
Has soar'd aloft, and join'd its maker God!
Thou *Blessed Jesus* led the glorious road,
Where * *angel-Babes* behold without a cloud
The face serene of their dear Heavenly-Sire!
Oh make my soul aspire,

Where

* Matthew xviii. 10.

Where *Innocence* and *Peace*, fair infants crown'd,
All meek as lambs with youthful Seraphs sing,
And tune their golden harps to heaven's Al-
mighty king.

V.

Oh never never from my mind shall go
Thou lovely Infant sweet!
Thou dearest earthly form below!
Thy looks of heavenly love, thine air divine!
The buds of blossom'd worth Thou gav'st to
shine!

Oh never never shall my steps forget
To tread the turf where thy blest relicts lye!
—Tho' now to distance born,
Still shall my travell'd steps return,
Each sad-revolving year,
To pay the duteous tear,
And hang with many a wreath thy sacred urn,
And every passenger shall weeping turn,
And listen to my piteous tale,
And shake the pensive head and join me in my
wail!

VI. So

VI.

So learn'd *Quintilian* mourn'd in years of yore,
 Two lovely matchless boys thus rest away!
 For this his pleasant studies all forswore,
 And wept and groan'd for many a woeful day!
 Thus heavenly *David* mourn'd fair *Abjalom*,
 And loathing life even sickening fought the
 tomb!

No wonder then that thro' my love-lorn song,
 Like murmuring winds the leafy woods among,
 The voice of doleful Sorrow stilly sounds!
 Or if by fits the dying murmurs fall,
 Like solemn dirge at woeful funeral,
 Soon the sad Goddess of the sweeping pall,
 Takes up the dire and lamentable strain!—
 If memory to her view *my Babe* recal,
 My couch is steep'd in tears, and woe returns
 again!

VII.

—But now my weeping Muse goes on to tell,
 (My weeping Muse smiling in tears!)
 Her other hopes, her other fears!
 My soul, as usual, prest with thousand cares!
 With

With now and then a ray of joy divine,
Beaming from *Religion's* shrine,
To lighten all my weary load of woes,
And every darker grief dispel!
Come then strike the *chorded shell*!
And sing a hopeless prisoner no more,
To gloomy grim Despair;
But in thy voyage thro' this world of care,
Look up, my soul, to *Zion's holy hill*,
And cast hope's anchor there within the veil,
There only hope for rest and bliss on bliss at
will!

VIII.

For here on earth where are they to be found?
I've trod the circle round,
And still-returning find the search in vain!
Even now my heart's in pain,
As lone I wander *Devon's* flowery fields,
Nor heed the joys the season yields,
Tho' Nature clad in universal green,
Gives her gay mantle glittering to the sun,
And scents the balmy wind:
It nowise sooths my mind!

In vain silk-foliage robes each gaudy tree,
The Zephyrs sport in vain for me!
See every field with glory shine,
To gladden every heart but mine!
While absent from the bliss I love,
The social joys I long to prove,
'Tis gloomy Winter still where'er I rove!

IX.

Should Nature dress her brightest bowers,
Or heaven descend in softest showers,
To crown the fields and bless the swain,
With all the stores of *Asia's* plain:
Yet still the bliss is nought to me,
If not the joys that with my soul agree!
What is't to me, that down yon craggy dell,
The babbling fountains pure as amber roll,
If aught but foils my pleasure's sacred well,
Or checks the native current of my soul?
What is't to me, that Nature smiles around,
In all her various and her rich array;
If, while like weeds, my sorrows most abound,
My pleasures wither, and my hopes decay;
Or *Tuus-like*, I cry, my friends, I've lost a day?

X. —It

X.

—It e'er has been my fate,
To seek for bliss but ne'er obtain !
Still pleasure smil'd in my delighted eyes,
But, like a meteor, soon it pass'd away !
From love, blest love's transporting joys,
In the soft arms of that once-darling maid,
I promis'd mine for ay,
To peace, and quiet, and sober joy,
In the calm seats of learn'd retirement laid !
Say love, that won my soul,
With all ye social joys so full of glee,
Was ever man so blest as I,
So rapt in boundless extacy !
As if such boundless bliss were made for me ?
But ah ! few years were overpast,
When like enchanted castle all in haste,
My air-built pile of endless love,
Vanish'd at once ; and left me all forlorn,
Alone, in desert wild, my hapless fate to mourn !

XI.

Was ever soul made more for love than mine,
More soft, more tender for the melting joy !

N

Witness

Witness my eye of love! my heart of flame!
 Witness the stealing tear, and heaving sigh!
 Witness my food for years, some fair one's smile!
 Of more than one I boast the amorous chain!
 For her, adieu gay sports and every toil,
 And but for her even life itself was vain!
 —Even late I felt the dear-returning pain,
 Thrill my wild veins with all its wonted power!
 'Twas *Cælia* snail'd from yonder lofty tower,
 And all the darts of love my heart assail!
 But woe to me, along yon lonely dale,
 I tim'rous walk at distance from her bower!
 While jealous guardians bolt the wary gate,
 And nip my budding love just in its infant-
 flower!

XII.

There thousand hopes and trembling fears were
 lost,
 The breast's wild heave, the eye's love-darting
 rowl!
 There every life-enlivening gale was crost,
 That wakes the stagnant torpor of the soul!
 The longing wish to meet at distant eve,

Close

Cloſe by the hawthorn-ſhade, or wattled fold;—
 There to ſoft gales the pureſt vows to breathe,
 There many a tale of tendereſt love be told!
 The interchange of hearts, the fond delay;
 The rapt'rous glance, the kiſs more rapt'rous
 ſtill,

At every look to ſigh my ſoul away,
 Melt at her touch, and take of love my fill!—
 To live upon one heavenly ſmile for days!
 Or barr'd her ſmile, diſconſolate to mourn,
 By lonely fountain, ſhade or boſky bourne,
 Carving on trees her matchleſs praiſe;—
 But oh, ſhould She return,
 To fan within my breaſt love's golden flame!
 My verſe then triumphs in her name,
 Her name firſt utter'd with a ſigh!
 The Cupids ſport, love's altars burn,
 And Hope, and Love, and rapt'rous Joy,
 Play in the pleaſing beam!

XIII.

Such were to me the golden days of old!
 How jocund then whole ſeaſons roll'd!

How every day like minutes danc'd along !
 More bright the sun then seem'd, more fair the
 sky,

Methought the very warblers sprightlier sung,
 When *Delia's* Self was by !

—Now vanish'd one by one, with passing years,
The sweet Loves fly, ere Fancy bids them go !
 Snatch'd from my sight, ere age has chang'd my
 hairs,

Tho' early filver'd o'er with cares ;—
 But now, what passion's gale, like Summer-airs,
 Shall bid my stagnant sea of life to flow ?—
 —'Tis night ! and shaken by the wanton breeze,
 I see the wavering shadows of the trees !
 Along my path the trembling phantoms run,
 Like fairies dancing by the silver moon !
 The moon withdraws and all these shadows die,
 Such and so swift our transient passions fly,
 Inconstant as the tide, or changes of the sky !

XIV.

Yet to these passions still our bliss we owe !
 Than love or friendship what more pleasing joy ?
 Oh

Oh where shall I a wayward mortal go,
When robb'd of love and friendship's sweet
employ!

My life become a blank, a motely void,
A Ship becalm'd without a tide,
With neither wind, nor pole-star for her guide!
—While others round me to their lovers hie,
And in their joys outwatch fair Venus' star,
I roam the midnight-waste afar,
A widow'd, desolate, deserted swain,
And call on *Deha's* name in vain!

Oh where shall I light up my former flame!

Oh where a true love find!

Or where a generous friend my heart to bind;
Modest, discreet, and learn'd and free,
Social, yet virtuous? Of such precious Three
Methought I once could boast: But woe to tell!
One, *Judas-like*, a traitor turn'd!—
Strephon to *India* past;—by death *Philander* fell!

XV.

Dear-lov'd *Philander*! many a social hour,
By the gay fire and spirit-stirring bowl,

O'er

O'er love, and books, and human life and man;
Our harmless wit and conversation ran!—
If youth with virtue, sense with learning join'd,
All that adorns the most accomplish'd mind,
Our last regard may call,
Here let me pause! some tender tears let fall!
Even now, methinks, I join thy funeral,
When thy ag'd father shook his hoary head,
And "Oh! my Son," with faltering accent said,
"Would Heaven I to the grave had gone,
"For thee, my darling Son!"
Then check'd his sobbing voice; and seem'd a
senseless stone.

CANTO

C A N T O VII

Describes the happiness of rustic simplicity and ignorance; compared with the miseries of too great a sensibility of mind, together with the doubts and scruples, and other anxieties attending the pursuits of learning and philosophy.

I.

OH Thou divine Philanthropy! of all
 The moral virtues choicest and the best!
 Thou tenant of the generous breast
 And noblest soul! what were this earthly ball
 If robb'd of Thee! a brutal wild at best!
 Even Pleasure's self would lose its highest zest,
 Without that sympathetic glow of heart
 That makes the soul in mutual transport burn,
 Of lovers and of friends!
 Ye mild, humane, and social virtues dear!
 How hard my fate, oh now at last to mourn,

In

In all the solitude of Learning cast,
As on a desert waste,
Without or love or friendship's soothing power,
To cheer each lowering day, or speed each lag-
ging hour!

II.

—How happier far my lot had been,
(Since now these joys are gone,)
Had I such softening pleasures never known!
But born unfeeling, ignorant and rude,
Sworn foe to love and learning, selfish-proud,
Like old *Avarus*, or his booby-son!
Then, tho' no learned elf,
Amid my fellow-boors I show'd my skill;
I yet had homespun mother-wit at will!
Or blest with ease and competence and pelf,
I liv'd in plenty, tho' my wit was none!
Or even some meaner menial vassal born,
To a small range of cares,
Just taught to work and read and say my prayers,
Then lay me down to rest a thoughtless wight,
Thus pass'd were many a day and many an
easy night!

III. No

III.

No learned lumber, then, had fill'd my head!
No dreams of Pindus or the darling Nine!
What battles Cæsar fought or Virgil sung,
At morn or eve had been no care of mine!
No Homer, Horace, hung upon my tongue!
No British Milton, Thomson, Pope or Young!
No wild philosophy had marr'd my mind!
Of Hume, Rousseau, or wilder Bolingbroke!
The lab'ring hind such wranglers never shock!
No curious questions rack his vacant brain,
Save how to train his bullock to the yoke,
What seasons best to sow the golden grain,
How cleave the beech, or fell the sturdy oak.
He *studies God-ward*; heeds no learning aught,
Save Gospel-truths held forth by deep Divine!
—And much and oft are welcome to his thought,
On Sundays most, or other holy-day,
The wondrous works of Flavel, Dyer, Gray,
Of Hervey, Boston, Bunyan, Ambrose high,
These glorious champions of Theology!
With these he shuts the even, or welcomes in
the day.

O

IV. Nor

IV.

Nor deals alone in lore of grave Divines,
But scripture-histories his hours engage;
He studies deep Josephus' antient page,
While favourite Stackhouse on his table shines!
These form his youth, amuse his riper age;
No further soar his rude unletter'd views,
No further seek the fair historic throng,
Livy or Herodote for feats of old;
Far less he scans the poet's age of gold!
He only reads by turns the Weekly News,
Or Monthly Magazine, by post-boy brought,
From distant town, each anxious long'd-for day!
Thence many a wondrous tale he conns by rote,
To make to pass the lazy nights away,
While by the fire of faggots blazing gay,
To wondering neighbours on his benches set,
He tells of many a warlike gallant feat,
By Russian, Turk, or bolder Briton done!—
And oft repeats our Scottish heroes praise,
In Bruce's, Charles's, or in Cromwell's days;—
His listening audience hear with blind amaze,
And

And deem no champions all the world can boast,
As vanquish'd, fought or fell from *Scotland's*
warlike coast!

V.

Thus then no puzzling doubts, no questions
strange,

In thorny Learning's wide-extended field,
Disturb their hours; no airy worlds they build,
Thro' chaos wild of thought unknown to range.
By easy faith their simple hearts upheld!
They trust that God alone can never change,
Nor change his *Holy Word*. Thus lowly-blest,
No idle systems e'er amuse their days!
No idler passions e'er their breasts molest!
No anxious fears, no wants, no carking care:
Oh envy'd lot of toil, and innocence and prayer!

VI.

—Amidst this vale of tears,
Whence *love* and soft *philanthropy* are fled!
Where *Learning* needs not shew her head,
And *Poesy* lies dead!
Say what shall sooth a wretched poet's cares?
On what hand shall he turn!

Before him gloomy prospects frown !
 Backward he looks, but looks to mourn,
 And sigh o'er pleasures long a-gone !
 The present *Now* a dreary desert lies,
 With not one flower bestrown,
 Save the wild nettle or the prickly thorn !
 —Oh where shall I direct my eyes aghast ?
 Eyes on this world now look your last !
 What is it when 'tis past ?
 A scene for wonder, still a changing scene !
 An idle tale ! a troublous dream !—
 —Oh help me, *Thou of Powers Supreme !*
 Great Source of Wisdom ! equal Source of Love !
 Enlighten Thou my darken'd eyes !
 Give me more solid joys to prize,
 And fix my wandering mind !

VII.

Too long I've wander'd from thy paths astray !
 Wilder'd with doubts, and oft with passions
 blind !
 Oh teach me, Heavenly Sire, the way to find,
 From Doubt's dark night, to Truth's eternal
 day !

No

No more, to vain philosophy a prey,
I wed the wisdom that confounds the mind,
The sceptic wisdom of a madding age,
That dazzles, yet confounds the mental sight,
And studied still, confounds and dazzles more:—
But turn thy *Sacred Volumes* o'er and o'er,
By day my study, and my dreams by night!
In them I spy a blessed-dawning light,
That glittering more and more, o'er every page,
And rising gradual like the rising day,
Illumes the doubting mind and steals the heart
away!

VIII.

Oh, *Thou all-glorious Son!*
Offspring of Heaven, First-born!
Who with th' *Almighty Father* didst reside,
His image, darling, and his chief delight,
From all eternity: ere orient morn
'Gan from the east to smile, or ocean wide
Pour'd round the pendent globe his ambient-
tide!

Ere the proud hills to swell were seen,
Or the low vales put on their mantle green!

Thou

Thou then before th' *Eternal Father* joy'd,
His glorious wisdom, and his potent might,
While all his goodness in thy count'nance bright,
Smil'd like a vernal Sun!—
Till, at thy voice divine, the Worlds appear'd,
Tenthousand thousand glittering thro' the night!
'Twas then Thou form'dst the orient Light,
Which like a fair and new born Child,
Rising from Chaos on his dark brow smil'd,
Glimm'ring and flickering thro' the murky
gloom!
Then kiss'd the flowery Earth, and all the orbs
on high!

IX.

Just so, *Thou Better Intellectual Light*,
When all was Chaos in the *Moral World*,
And all in dark Confusion hurl'd;
Thou Then, All-Blest, cam'st down below,
Commision'd by th' *Eternal Mind*,
Prince, Saviour, Teacher, Healer of Mankind!
Before Thee, *Truth divine* thy way prepar'd,
And *Grace and Love* went smiling by thy side!—
—Yet,

—Yet, oh! full sad to tell!
Thy love was paid with hatred fell,
Reproach, disdain, and scorn!
Say—could such hate in mortal bosom dwell!
Say—could such heavenly love meet such return!
That Thou, the *Holy One* of *Israel*,
Should thus for guilty sons of Adam die?
Yet so by heavenly destiny beset!
Oh! then my soul no more in anguish lye!
Henceforth a long farewell to all my woes;
In Thee, my Saviour blest, my soul shall find
 repose!

X.

Doth Love and tender passions touch my heart!
Love centers all in Thee!
For Thou alone art worthy all my heart,
Who diedst for love of me!
If I love Beauty, Thou art Beauty's Source!
Amid ten thousand worlds display'd,
Which thy own fingers made,
With all the Beauteous Fair these worlds contain!
Or hearst Thou rather, *sweetest Prince of Peace*!
Fair

Fair mental Beauty! Order's second reign!
For peace, and love, and order, all are one!
Thou Lamb of God! thro' sufferings perfect
made!

Oh give my heart to prove
Thy boundless peace! thy endless Love!
Oh give my soul to climb
The steps divine by which you trode
To heaven, to virtue, and to God!
Holy and pure, yet earthly-kind!
Lowly and meek, and yet sublime!
Oh make me wholly thine!

CANTO

C A N T O V I I I .

Wherein the Bard complains of enemies, estrangement of friends, and other distresses ; but comforts himself with religion.

I.

STILL sounds, alas, my dirge of weary woe,
 Her wildly-warbling wail !
 Still mourns my Muse of tears !
 Her harp like *Eol's* weeping saddest airs,
 Sometimes with strains all melancholy-mild,
 Softly-sweet, and gently-thrilling,
 Anon distracted, frantic, wild,
 Woeful-wailing, loud and thrilling !—
 “ But shall I then ne’er gain one wreath of fame,
 My mournful brows to bind !
 With all my labours, all my toils,
 In wilder Elegy’s untrodden field !
 Alas, nor fortune’s golden smiles,

thrilling

P

Nor

Nor the fair eulogy of dear mankind,
 Shall e'er that blessing yield ;
 The sacred minstrel's nobler aim,
 Th' applause of generous minds, that fairest
 wreath of fame !"

II.

* Such news, my friend, your angry message
 bore,

Just when my Muse gave o'er,
 And thought to weep no more,
 Closing her Sorrows with a prayer to Heaven !
 But now to wildest anguish driven,
 Even in the cold dark night I wake to weep !
 Such foes have banish'd sleep !
 While all with paly cheek, and trembling hand,
 I scrawl these verses at your dire command ;
 But how to 'gin or end I not can tell,
 Woes me such madding imps of hell,

Broke

* This alludes to the Author's intending to drop his Complaints at the end of the last Canto; but some insinuations from a friend, given as general aspersions against him, obliged him to go on to *mourn*, and at the same time to *vindicate* himself, and account for the peculiarity of his situation.

Broke loose from Satan's nether sky,
With scorns, and taunts, and hisses, round me fly!
Suspicion, with her foul and squinting eye,
And wrinkled Avarice, with head awry,
Revenge, that tears our mangled fame anew,
And Malice, changing still her wrathful hue,
From black to red, from that to deadly pale!
'Twould seem they all had left th' infernal vale,
And their black seats below,
To work on earth my bitterest woe,
Scattering their slanderous venom as they go,
All thro' the general crowd,
To blind the Better wife, and poison even the
Good!

III.

Else say, dear friend—for what dire deeds of
mine,
Hath my whole band of friends thus turn'd
away?
Sure angry heaven from all its wrathful store,
No heavier vengeance could repay!
Yes, heavier sure! Heaven spare my guilty soul!
Shall I a culprit vile thy laws controul!

—If sensual joy my fault has been,
Let hard compunction expiate my sin;
No more to look on women fair,
Or Beauty smiling with deluding eye;—
No more to gaze on Nature's wonders rare,
For this is mental sensuality!
If such th' Eternal will,
Let me thus mourn and weep my fill,
And leave all other cares!
For this, oh let me leave each social scene,
And hold a dear appointment with my tears!
For this, to taste of Learning's joys no more,
Forswear my books with all their lucid lore,
And leave unfinish'd many a fair essay!
And all a solitary wanderer grown,
An outcast, alien from earth's hostile shore,
To roam the midnight-waste alone,
And call the moon and stars to hear my lay!
But they, alas, are speechless to my moan!
Then take me to my couch and weep whole
 nights away!

IV. How

IV.

How better far, when for my darling Boy,
I sung like Philomel, the whole night long,
My woe-distracted, yet love-labour'd song !
With piercing outcries to the skies preferr'd,
Like * *Rachel's* voice in *Ramah* heard,
For her dear lovely Babes for ever lost,
O'er all sad Bethlehem-coast !
Such outcries erst were mine !
Yet sweetness soften'd still the strain divine,
Tho' mix'd with dire-distracted woe ;
But now what soother to his woe,
Shall thy poor Minstrel find !
Thus hooted, as Thou say'st, by half mankind !
Say, for what miscreant deeds could such dire
rancour flow ?

V.

—Oh ! hide, hide me where no light doth dwell,
In some lone hermit-cell !
Or darker cavern's ever-during night !
There with one only taper's trembling light ;—
And

* See Matthew ii. 18.

And in my hand * that Best of Books alone !
To sit upon the pebble-bedded floor,
And weep my antient glories now no more,
While piteous Echo answers groan for groan !
Or by the murmuring fountain's dripping well,
To bid my sobbing woes as fast to flow,
And count for every drop a briny tear !—
Thus muse o'er all my weary world of care,
With scanty intermingled comforts rare,
Like drops of joy amidst a sea of woe !
How like an idle tale that's quickly told,
Have all my wayward minutes roll'd !
How like a fleeting dream that's past and gone,
Are all my hopes beneath the Sun ?
Henceforth ye worldly cares, away, away !
True bliss is found in God alone !—
“ Thou Rock of Ages ! Isra'ls endless stay !
My guiding star by night ! my sun by day ! ”
On Thee my soul shall rest !
My tempest-beaten, woe-betossed soul,
Even from Earth's hostile shore,
Shall cry to Thee for evermore !

Shall

* The Bible.

Shall cry to Thee her joy and rest,
Her haven of endless rest and boundless joy,
Thro' the short voy'ge of Time to vast Eternity!

VI.

So let my foes increase on every side,
And summer-friends at distance from me stand,
Yet by this Anchor will my soul abide,
Till, weary woeful wight, I reach the strand,
The shore eternal of *Emanuel's* land,
Where Peace and Love eternal hand in hand,
And infant-Innocence for ay reside!
Then seek, my soul! with heavenly-pious aim,
The Friend of Friends above the sky!
And bid to other friends a long farewell!
Does Fame thee fly? Then seek thou heaven's
fair fame,
And in the book of life enrol thy name,
Crown'd with a wreath of never-fading joy,
Celestial amaranth and gems and gold,
Wrought for the bards of heaven!
To sing of him for whom that thus enroll'd,
Their name shall bloom and spread thro' wide
Eternity!

VII. Then,

VII.

* Then, tho' no herds shall flourish in the stall,
No reddening clusters deck the tender vine!
Tho' food and raiment, friends and fortune all
Forfake:—yet God that portion is of mine,
As stays my hope forlorn,
Amidst a world of scorn,
Vexation, disappointment, and despair!
With not a friend to hear my dying pray'r!
My eyes with weeping as with anguish blind,
For thinking of the cru'ly of mankind!
While every earthly hope is gone.
—Yet let my soul not swear in haste,
That every comfort's past,
If God's my friend, tho' other friends were none!
My refuge, portion, my strong tower he stands,
My shield, my high salvation, and my praise,
Along my weary path of days!
'Tis He that brings me low, and He my soul
shall raise!

* Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

C A N T O IX.

*Wherein the author laments that delicacy of temper
and constitution, that renders him all unfit for
busling or raising himself in the world.*

I.

BUT say, once more, for what dire deeds of
mine,

Hath an unfeeling world thus turn'd away?
Why left me thus without or prop or stay,
Like to a wither'd shrub in desert cast,
A sport to every faucy blast!
Already weary-spent, and tempest-torn,
Of foliage robb'd; and ragged left and lorn?—
Yes; born a sickly plant of weakly limb,
No robust manly vigour e'er was mine!
Even from the parent-womb,
Of tender sickly bloom,
Fit only for the warmer vales,
Where fostering suns preside, and balmy gales!
Unlike those hardy souls that brave the blast

Q

Of

Of raging fortune's wintry brow,
With all the warring winds of angry heaven,
that blow!

II.

A seven-month's embryo to this world I came,
My bland eyes smiling at the rosy light!
But thickening clos'd as soon with pale affright!
Thrice op'd their lids, and thrice essay'd a smile,
While tears as oft obscur'd their orbits bright!
A serious, mournful, cloudy smile it seem'd!
Prefageful of my weary fate forlorn.
So smiles the tearful Morn,
Behind some watery leaden-colour'd cloud,
That flow-fermenting brews some angry storm!
So my harsh fortune rude,
Thus early stain'd my infant-eyes with tears,
Portentous of my future cares!
Thus early tun'd my voice to plaintive sound,
Boding my thousand woes above this earthly
ground!

III.

Sickly and faint I scarce was deem'd to live!

For

For nine long months my fainting qualms return!
How did an anxious mother grieve and mourn!
(As oft to me the tender tale she told!)
To see her only hope! her darling Son,
Almost in number of the dead enroll!!
Weak, breathless, pale; all like the silent dead!
My frail life hanging by the tenderest thread!
And well my memory yet recalls to view,
How sitting by the fire I swoon'd away,
For many a dreary day!
While scarce my feet their tott'ring steps uphold,
When o'er my head six summer-suns were roll'd.
So sickly were my days of infancy, tho' few!

IV.

What deadly dangers did my youth alarm!
What hairbreadth-'scapes by fatal flood or field!
How can I e'er forget that menac'd harm,
From the wild-roaring stream, whence scarce
upheld
By the strong swimmer's providential arm,
Breathless and speechless to the shore I drew,
With weary fainting languor deadly-pale!—

Or how forget how deadly-pale I pin'd,
When almost annual fevers scorch'd my veias,
And my small scanty vigour drain'd anew!—
Yet by a kind officious Parent's pains,
That all ungrudgingly perpetual ply'd,
A friend and sweet physician, by my side!—
By golden Providence I'm hither brought!—
But oh, how hard and piteous is my lot,
* When fallen on evil tongues, and evil days,
And born to struggle thro' a world of woe!
My feeble soul I'm all unfit to raise,
Like active worldlings bustling to and fro,
Scraping and scrambling for their pelf and gold,
While all this dunghill earth they tofs and turn,
By day, by night, ten thousand various ways,
And health, and peace, and virtue, all are sold,
To purchase that alone my thoughts despise,
And yet for want of which my thousand woes
arise.

V.

Thus then with body frail and sickly made,
And weary languid spirits dead and dull!

Unable

Unable all to ply some rougher trade,
That nervous powers might need robust and full!
I to soft Learning turn'd my early time,
And wasted all my golden prime,
With all my weary length of riper days,
Loitering in Learning's all-inglorious shade,
While to a man my bold compatriots climb,
To Mammon's golden dome, or Honour's fane
sublime!

VI.

Without that cursed gold, what's life to me?
And yet that cursed gold, I'll ne'er attain!
And yet that gold my soul could ne'er abide!
And yet without it Learning's all but vain,
And Worth, the noblest Worth, is tost aside,
More light than chaff before the stormy blast,
More vile than sea-weed all at random cast,
By the proud billow on the barren shore.
Then, then, adieu for now and evermore,
What my vain-wishing soul shall never find!—
The paths of Wealth for ever left behind,
O'er Poverty's hard road I spur my lagging mind!
Oh!

VII.

Oh! this vile earthly carcase all so dull!
This feeble spirit languishingly flow!
How shall I drag you thro' my vales of woe!
How up misfortune's rugged mountains pull?
Unfit you are for every rougher toil,
Should even this peevish World but chance to
smile!

How shall you then her angry frowns sustain?
Already wasted with a strife so vain,
How oil your vigour to the course again?
Amidst a world of pride,
Where wealth looks down on all the world beside;
Amidst a world of cares,
That never yield their due reward,
And boldest spirits find the combat hard!
Amidst a world of thriving follies vain,
Where *Virtue* withers ere her strength she gain!
Whence *Learning* and her better friends are fled,
And in their room *Malevolence* hath spread!
And oh, that foe to Genius and to Song,
That monster, Slander, plies her venom-drop-
ping tongue?

CANTO

C A N T O X

*Complains of the contempt of mankind: Of poverty,
and other distresses in the author's situation.—
Addressed to a Friend.*

I.

AND so, Thou dearest last remaining friend!
Among so many false, still faithful Thou!
Wouldst have me still, warble my tale of woe,
Even to my dying end,
Tho' my drear fate still black and blacker lows!
—So the lone pigeon makes her endless moan,
All darkling and alone,
Midst ruin'd walls, and ivy-mantled towers!
So the sad swan just ere she die,
Is heard to wail and cry!
Or, while she views (some say) her mournful
feet,
Pours in wild strains her woeful ditties sweet!
Till

Till wide the lakes her groans resound
 * O'er *Asius* or *Cayster's* fedy bound!
 Just so I mourn my pleasures long a-gone!
 So make my dying moan!
 So weep my present woes still pressing fore!
 Till Death, the mourner's friend, shall bid to
 weep no more!

II.

Pursue, thou say'st, the soft-complaining tale,
 Sweet as the western gale,
 That breathes its sighings o'er the flowery vale.
 Rather, my friend, like to that awful breeze,
 That shakes the murmuring trees,
 Pale heard by traveller aghast,
 As o'er the wilderness he treads in haste!
 Presaging sad th' approaching storm,
 From yonder savage hill,
 When what was late a trickling rill,
 Down *Grampian* wilds a maddening torrent pours!
 And proud-swoln rivers scorn their wonted shores!
 And now with winds and waves old Ocean roars,
 Indignant

* Virgil.

Indignant tossing all his waves on high!
And Stygian darkness veils the sky,
Save the red lightening cross the vasty gloom,
And wild and fierce strike blind the dazzled eye!
Just so prophetic of my hapless doom,
And boding woes to come,
My melancholy lay still awful sounds,
Still loves to weep and wail o'er *Fortba's* flowery
 bounds!

III.

—Yes, *my hard Poverty* hath turn'd away,
A selfish world for ever from my woe!
'Tis infamy, disgrace,—to sink so low;
'Tis worse than beggary, and scorn, and shame,
Thus ever and anon from day to day,
Without or end or aim,
To creep for aye, like lazy-lubbard snail,
In Poverty's dark vale,
While all agog for golden wealth and fame,
Trappings and gewgaws, pageantry and show,
The *wiser Rich* with lofty-looking eye,
Leave the *blest Poor* to chance or worse woe!

R

Still

Still lower lower let him fall, they say,
Still deeper sink into the miry clay,
And in Oblivion's gulph, for ever, ever, lie!

IV.

The language, this, of cruel heart and fell!
But oh, thou wicked World I ne'er can tell,
Had I an iron-voice and brazen lungs,
Thy countless deeds of inhumanity!
Thy envy, turning pale at others joy!
Thy fiery hate, thy icy-cold disdain!
Thy Slander, hissing from a thousand tongues!
Thy dark Deceit, that hides her serpent-train
In flowers, fly dæmon of a thousand wrongs!
Thy love of brethren cold! thy harden'd heart,
Turning the needy from thy bolted door!
Alas, alas no more,
I ask the boon of charity from thee!
That petty boon I long have ask'd in vain,
And many a scoff, and many a buffet borne!
But now, a lonely wanderer o'er the plain,
I fly, and hide me from thy boundless scorn.
Oh leave me now at last my hapless fate to
mourn!

V. —“ What's

V.

—“ What’s Poesy, says one less wise than free,
—But fustian, bombast, nonsense all at best?
How dull its possessor! how grave his gait!
No genius sure! no *Phæbus*’ son is he!
Lo, all unfit to chear the genial feast!
He neither laughs, nor sings; but he can eat!—
The world he knows not! scarce can talk the
news,
Or the least lively chat diffuse!
Therefore a Zany he must stand,
By all the laws of Silence’ ideot-land!
No wisdom sure can fill that lumpish skull,
That looks so spriteless and so dull!
Go wealth acquire, and leave your musty lines!
A starving bard’s a fool; far wiser he that dines!”

VI.

Thus spoke a fopling, once, whom well I knew,
Proud, pert, and vain, and ignorant as vain!
Who branded ay the learn’d with high disdain,
Dolts, pedants, fools!

A mere milk-sop he was ! yet well could tell,
Of corn or hay how prices rose or fell !
How two and two make four ;
And four times five complete a score !
Could bills, and even conveyances indite !
Poring his eyes out day and night,
O'er feisins, bonds, and parchments, many a
shred !

No grain of learning in his vacant head,
Yet perk'd himself, good soul, that he could
read !

No doubt some sage he deem'd himself to be,
And much more wise as rich than humble poet
me !

VII.

Such scorns the humble bard must ever find,
But harder still has been my fate forlorn !
Since to no fortune born,
No followers, friends, admirers, ere were mine !
But still thro' impish foes I fought my way !
These impish foes have plac'd in open day,
With scoffs, and scorns, and scandals, beyond
bound,

My

My peccadillos, faults, and failings all,
And yet who faultless treads this earthly ground?
—These faults of tender heart I'll ne'er disown!
These softer passions weak I'll ne'er deny!
But oh, ye black malignant crew,
That thus disturb the tenor of our mind,
And like to filthy fiends vex half mankind,
I thank your kind humanity!
I even forgive you in simplicity!
With God my pardon rests, and not with ruthless
You!

C A N T O X I.

*Wherein he complains of the fatal softnesses in his
temper, and his romantic disposition to Love.—
He despairs of ever possessing the object of his love.*

I.

YES, welcome ever to my tenderest soul,
Ye passions soft and sociably mild!
My heart is even like weaned child,
Simple, and innocent, and warm, and free,
O'erflowing with humanity.
Oh ye soft yearnings of the generous mind,
That melts in tears for others woe,
Or smiles heart-warm'd at others joy!
Your golden raptures let me ne'er forego,
Nor at your sweet-sour sorrows e'er repine!
Tho' many a sleepless night I bide,
For thinking of the woes of human kind:
I shift my pillow, turn on every side,
And

And well with briny tears bedew my face,
Ah! woes me the while for woes of mortal race!

II.

No dying linnet to the ground can fall,
Without my share of woe!
No guilty felon to the scaffold go,
But costs my soul full many an inward groan!
Anxious for pain, my thoughts o'er misery run,
And mourn their fate more than themselves
can mourn!

—Oh my soft simple tender-doating soul,
Thus full of love for every moving thing,
Each beast and bird of every wing!
Their pains I make mine own!
For me let them enjoy,
Their little world of bliss without annoy!
For me no living creature e'er shall bleed,
Nor feel or harm, or woe, or dread!
Far less shall I destroy,
What feels as keenly as myself can feel,
Each mortal blow from thoughtless Cruelty.
O ye wild bloody Race,
Who live by fishing, fowling, or the chase,

Indulge

Indulge your savage joy !
In sanguinary sports delight ! so cannot I !

III.

—But chiefly *Love* hath hurt my simple soul,
Thro' a whole life of tender pain and joy !
What female fair one hath not catch'd my eye,
Or rul'd my foolish heart with rude control ?
Like tender stubble, or soft flax, I burn,
With every tender fair one, in her turn,
E'er since that fatal day,
When Delia left the plain for ay,
And all her love and all her vows forswore !
Henceforth, a constant Lover now no more,
I love at random as my chance ordains,
Or *Venus'* planet reigns ;
—No hard misfortune can this guest remove,
Or break my still-returning passion, love !
Place but the charmer in my sight,
With soft deportment in her mien ;
Of lovely shape and gesture seen ;
Whether with stately step she treads the green,
Or darts around a sweetly-rolling eye !
In her ten thousand graces I descry !

Whether

Whether She fits or stands,
Or works with graceful hands !
Whether She's black, or fair, or lovely-brown,
I burn, I sigh for her alone !
Whether She's silent or discourses free,
She's all a world of love to me.
This rakish love in vain I strive to quell ;
'Tame it I must full sure ; but never can expel !

IV.

In vain, my friends such passion weak deride :
My better Reason strives in vain to brave !
Let Cælia cast but one soft glance aside,
I sigh in secret, and become her slave !
That glance was arm'd for me,
My idly-busy fancy says !
Ah then, transported on her charms I gaze !
Ah then, more soft, more tender glances free,
Set my whole amorous bosom in a blaze !
I muse, I mope, I mourn ten thousand various
ways !

V.

—Thus hath my time been idly worn,
'Twixt this and t' other passion torn ;

S

Thus

Thus hath my fortune gradual sunk forlorn,
From worse to worse by unperceiv'd decay!
Thus many a precious boon I've thrown away,
Yet deem'd myself the happiest man alive,
My means to waste, if but my loves did thrive!
Or how with this wild dæmon shall I strive!—
—Thrice happy, happy they,
Who close united in love's lawful tie,
Even from their earliest time,
In dissipation wild unknown to range,
Enjoy, incapable of change,
A purer, soberer, and a tenderer joy,
Than luckless wanderers we,
Thro' all the weary wilds of vast variety!

VI.

Hence then originates our wildest woe!
Hence all that num'rous train of ills,
Our length of life-time fills!
Without a mate to call our wanderings home,
Abroad in quest of joy we roam,
And still-returning find the search in vain!
Our barren loves can ne'er that fruit obtain,
As bind us in the soft connubial chain,

With

With one lov'd female fair of matchless mind!
Oh where shall I such true Love find!
Oh who shall point me out such female rare,
In whose sweet soul that loveth passing well,
As in a golden temple passing-fair,
The lovely female virtues ever dwell!
Her constant lover I,
For her I'd wish to live! for her I even could
die!

VII.

Many I see with beauty bright,
Smooth-tongu'd, fair-spoken, seeming-kind,
But worthless, loose and wanton-light,
Empty and changeful as the wind.
Such vain coquets love's vows can never bind,
But dark their ways as Erebus or night,
Their perjur'd hearts are false as light,
The shame of womankind!
My soul, into their councils never go,
Nor treasure to thyself a world of woe,
With women loose and vain!—
—Others ('tis true, are of a higher strain,

As angels fair, and virtuous-good withal!
But ah, my simple soul,
At distance thou may'st gaze, admire or burn,
Poor foolish Lover Thou!
Such female fair shall ne'er thy love return!
And well I ween thou spend'st a fruitless sigh!
For aught such female Fair that comes within
thine eye!

VIII.

Yet let me here suppose what ne'er shall be,
That such a virtuous female fair,
Shall share my joy and care!
Come let us see what wonders she'll perform.
Then first she heals a fortune wounded sore!
Nor call ye this an airy dream!
Then next she heals a bosom wounded more,
And finds a poet-lover all on flame!
Oh then, with such a Dear one by my side,
Fell fortune's angriest frowns I could deride!
Even on a mountain's head,
Make heaven my canopy, and rocks my bed!
With her in darkness light I'd see,
Be glad in deserts, and in prison free!

Her

Her looks of love would soften rage or pain,
Make dangers please, or still the stormy main;
In poverty, in sickness, or in death,
Support my soul, recal my fainting breath;
And oh! in such a storm of present woes,
What lovely port she'd be of refuge and repose!

IX.

But me no merit to such bliss can raise,
Wretched, and poor! whose only stock is love!
Can linnet, lark, or lambkin, feed on air?
No more can woman on my slender fare!
Can she, with me, on straw-rai'd pillows sleep,
And learn by turns to fast, and wake, and weep?
Can she, like me, in ragged garments go,
Or walk in clouted shoon like me?
Alas, alas, that woman scarce you'll see,
But loves to shine in costly drefs and show!
But haply worse for me than all,
That ever could befall!
No beauteous feature fair, no fine-turn'd limb,
(And this to me my glafs hath often told!)
Can raise me to the daring hope sublime,
That e'er a tender Fair can me behold

With

With amorous eye! yet amorous eyes are mine,
With beauteous lustre bright,
Shedding a sweet and tender-beaming light!
And this is all the body-charms I boast,
My soul humane and mild, of softest mold,
By no rude passion tost,
Save tender, ardent, wild-romantic love!—
—But how can this a female's bosom move!
Then oh farewell, for now and evermore,
Such fancied scenes of female soft delight!
Such rapt'rous joys I once could dream of yore,
But now begone such dreams for ever from my
sight!

CANTO

C A N T O XII

*Apologizes for the author's propensity to love, and
endeavours to assign its causes.*

I.

HOW can my soul but amorous be,
All made of soft humanity,
And tenderest pity all akin to love!
Me even a beggar's woes can move!
Even with that beggar I can share,
My last sad *sour*, and bless it with a tear!
And O ye poor-distrest,
That both with poverty and sickness pine,
How can I chuse but make your sorrows mine!
And deem myself full-blest,
If but with one small boon I charm your souls
to rest!

II.

How can my soul but amorous sigh,
Or who so soft as I!

When

When for a tale of love the streets I roam,
Even by the midnight-gloom,
To hear the ballad-finger's last sad song,
Of *Marion*, *Susan*, or of *Molly* dear!
And still I listen with extatic ear,
And still my raptures lengthen with his tale,
While midnight airs and every softer gale,
Along *Edina's* walks the amorous notes prolong!

III.

How can I chuse but amorous be,
All made for *love* and *rural minstrelsy*!
When to the viol's spirit-stirring sound,
I beat in days of yore the echoing ground,
At country-feast, or village-wedding gay,
With many a country-maiden fair,
In love-knots drest, and whitest apron rare,
With 'kerchief neat, and smiling gown
Of blue, or lively-green, or homespun grey!
Meanwhile, some charmer stole my heart away,
In all the bloom of virgin-blushing charms,
Her dimply cheek, her eyes of hazle-brown,

More

More lovely in my fight than Belles of town!
 Oh when shall fate, I cry'd, make lovely *Phil*
 my own!

IV.

Even yet, methinks, such magic strains I hear!
 Oh might such strains again my fancy feed!
 Oh might again such tender cat-gut string,
 Or flute of ivory-frame, or oaten reed,
 Their love-sick raptures fling!
 For tho' full pastoral-rude they were,
 Yet took they all so well my am'rous ear,
 That not the breath of Evening's fragrant wing,
 Nor noontide-cup from *Naiad's* spring,
 To thirsty traveller aghast,
 Could so revive his sickening breast,
 As I from breezy morn to dewy eve,
 Enraptur'd drank the high-transporting sound,
 Soothing my heart-felt wound!
 At times would try the yet unpractis'd strain,
 To sing the fairest maid that treads Arcadian
 plain!

V.

—Just so, of old, my thoughts on *Phillis* turn'd,
 Just so of old with music burn'd;

T

Just

Just so I pour'd th' extatic strain,
To court my lovely bride!
At tender even-tide!—
And how she 'scap'd my lot, I ne'er could tell;
But this remember well,
That many a lover sigh'd as well as I,
And shot a glance of envy on my bliss!
Then for one balmy kiss,
An hundred miles I'd go, or one sweet smile,
To crown my yearly toil;
So 'witching were her ways,
So heavenly-sweet her unaffected gaze!—
It seem'd as *Venus*' self had breath'd her form,
Painting her glowing cheek so warm,
Turning her flowing locks of golden twine,
And scenting like her own her melting breath
divine!

VI.

Thus then, my friends, believe my simple soul,
What restless anguish this one passion brings,
To which, a fancy wild hath lent her wings,
And habit long hath form'd and strengthen'd so!
Without an object dear to quench its flame,
And

And in a breast which nature made to glow,
 With tenderest passions, all in wild extreme!
 My soul thus left a dreary void,
 Restless, unsatisfied,
 And all unpartner'd, turns on every side;
 Rolling a wishful eye,
 And heaving many a sigh;
 Wandering from plain to plain, from grove to
 grove,
 Yet still bemoans her unaccomplish'd love!
 —Just so a deer, in autumn's loveliest time,
 When *Sol* in *Scorpio* 'gins to ride,
 Restless and anxious for his tender bride,
 O'er plains and mountains all-distracted flies,
 Wasting his heart in burning sighs,
 Nor sleep can take to his o'erwatched eyes,
 Nor pleasing rest to his o'erwearied side,
 Till he hath found his soul's delight,
 In *Tannar's* woody glens, or *Morven's* airy height.

VII.

Then oh, upbraid me not tho' oft I try,
 To drown in sweet oblivion all my care!

T 2

Tho³

Tho' oft I quaff the smiling bumper high,
To sooth with chearful glafs my sorrows dear !
For dear I still must call such amorous pain !
An honied poison ! care-embitter'd joy !
A pleasing thraldom ! soft, tho' galling chain !
A splendid misery ! sweet, tho' dangerous toy !
Oh, yes—a dear, soft, curs'd, and indolent em-
ploy !

CANTO

C A N T O XIII

*Endeavours to vindicate some other objections to the
author's character.*

I.

AND here again,
Let my sad Muse complain,
Since both my friends and foes still urge it so,
Of my poor weakly spirits all so low,
That thro' their daily functions cannot go,
Without the aid of some diluted draught,
With rousing virtue fraught,
To lift their vigour to its due employ !
But hence, oh let not tell-tale dear mankind,
Cast blame upon my blameless mind,
As if I quaff'd th' exhilarating stream,
From taste or appetite of sensual joy !
Oh no, begone such *Bacchanalian* flame !
No rich or luscious draught deserving blame,
Was

Was ever seen to deck my modest board,
 No sumptuous viands sweet regale their humble
 lord!

II.

But once the tale elanc'd, it wildly flies;
 The slanderous mob repeat, and toss it round!
 Ah me, how hard to stop the gathering lies,
 That swift as thought from mouth to mouth
 rebound!

From squeamish Lords, to gentle Ladies fine,
 All cry, "he loves to drink ere e'er he dine!"
 —Poor harmless sinner! no expensive draught,
 Has been thy heinous fault!
 And yet what source to thee of shame and pain!
 Alas, alas in vain,
 The unreserv'd indulgence I deny!
 In vain the modest glass I ever praise,
 Or plead th' excuse of bards in antient days!
 In vain thin, meagre, pale, adust and dry;
 For many a day, faint, fasting, and alone,
 I starve, subdue, and keep my body down!
 Still, still they blame my sensuality!

"Nor

“Nor handle thou, nor touch, nor taste,” they
cry!

Then oh, my friends, that instant I must die!
My life, my cordial, phyfic, all are gone!
No more these feeble limbs I move,
No more I stir my soul to love!
Nor raptur’d eye the golden day!
My stringless harp lies mute! my loves are fled
away!

III.

Even now, recumbent on Earth’s verdant bed,
Panting, with morning-toil, I lie;
While others sweat till night in *Phæbus’* eye,
Without or sickening heart or aking head;—
But I, to earn my scanty bread,
Full oft grow pale, and seek yon shady bower,
Ere yet the Sun hath gain’d his mid-day tower.
Then down my languid limbs I throw,
With care and lassitude and toil o’ercome!
And call the Nymphs of *Eska’s* flowery dale,
With shining tresses fair, and rosy bloom,
Some cordial-cup to bring,
Quench’d in the crystal spring,

My

My fainting spirits to restore,
 Re-brace my loosen'd nerves, and yield me all
 my power !

IV.

—Oh stream renown'd of antient *Ufquebea* !
 Now let me sing of Thee,
 In lofty strains of extacy !
 True *Galic* beverage ! drink of chieftain bold,
 When to the thundering field in days of old,
 Fair *Scotia* march'd with wildest minstrelsy,
 Of warlike-breathing bag-pipe sounding high !
 Whose strains the fate of battle seem'd to tell,
 As their wild horrors rose or fell !
 While thy pure stream, with Music's notes
 combin'd,
 Inflam'd the warrior-mind,
 To boldest prowess of heroic deeds !
 Thee, too, the Bard invok'd, and thy clear stream
 Quaff'd ay, his *Helicon* of noblest fame ;
 His wit, his sweet inspirer, and his Muse,
 And other sweet inspirer needed none !
 Or at the funeral dirge to make their moan,
 When female mourners met with wild ochone !
 And

And sound of coronach! thy stream inspir'd
Full loud and long the universal groan!
So by thy spirit fir'd,
Thy mildest spirit in pure water quench'd,
I oft resume the many-chorded lyre,
Now at my fortune's close,
To weep with showery eyes my many thousand
woes!

V.

Then, why my soul! not boldly say
(Since thou must live or this or t' other way!)
I'll hold my life from day to day,
With God's dear blessings to support my heart!
My drooping heart, all weary woe-begone!
My wayward life, companionless, alone!—
Why should I fainting go,
Throughout my world of woe,
If *God* some cordial blessings kindly sends?—
—“Oh *Thou* Supreme of Joys, as best of Friends!
Let me address to *Thee* my daily prayer,
Midst all my toils, my sorrows, and my care!
Some life-sustaining cordials to impart,
To ease my anguish'd heart;—

U

And

And tho' my friends should fail, or lovers fly,
In *Thee*, oh let me boast, and center all my joy!"

VI.

Little, oh little, of Earth's meanest things,
This worthless carcase can sustain,
Thro' the short space of my remaining days!
Full few and evil have the by-past been!
Yet shall I not have liv'd in vain,
Since I have liv'd to tell that life is vain!
That bliss, true bliss, is found in God alone!
The Lord of Life! and King of Kings!
The *Sun*, round whom all lesser Being moves!
The Source from whom all living Goodness
springs!

The Gem of Beauty! Fairest of the Fair!
'Fore whom all other Beauties vile appear,
Discount'nanc'd and abash'd!
Like darkness at the smile of orient day,
Or gloomy night before the Sun's all-glorious
ray!

VII.

Whate'er is good or fair,
In earth or heaven, or far above the skies,

In

In matter or in mind,
Midst angels fair, or earthly-fair mankind,
From him bright emanations are !
In him my surety lies,
Amidst ten thousand perils pressing round,
Amidst my thousand hard necessities,
Amidst my thousand wants, he doth abound !
My refuge and salvation still he stands !
My great Deliverer from death's awful bands,
From guilt and sin ! by him I climb sublime,
Above the wreck of worlds and flight of time !
Above all misery, and tears and woe,
Even to my God's right hand, whence endless
pleasures flow !

C A N T O X I V

Written in the midst of a deep solitude in the country.

The time, Winter.

I.

BUT soon from consolation, to complain,
My song returns again,
Since God in shades of night,
Oft hides his count'nance bright,
While clouds and darkness deep surround his
 throne!

Ah then, I wander all alone,
Thro' wilds of woe, and make a hideous moan!
What dreadful solitude my soul surrounds,
O'er all these lonely bounds!
Where scarce a human face divine,
Is ever seen to shine,
Or brighten with the smile of social joy!
Oh how I mourn, I pine, I sigh,
For the sweet smile of *Him* my soul adores!

Who

Who all at distance seems to stand,
And leave me comfortless in foreign land;
Where cold reserve and fallen silence reign,
With not a friend to ease my pain;
Save yonder good man of the plain!
Where oft I go to bait at noon,
Or hear the news from distant town;
Wearied with lonesome halls and murmuring
 brooks,
And the dull tedious round of melancholy books.

II.

How vain is Learning to relieve the soul,
That's prest with moping melancholy fore!
How even th' immortal Bard's sweet numbers
 roll,
A vain and futile found!
How even that *Best of Books*, the *Sacred Lore*,
All other consolation far beyond,
Is often fruitless found,
With all its choice and heavenly balm,
To heal Misfortune's anguish'd wound,
To smooth the ruffled mind into a calm,

Or glad Despair's sad breast, with that long
stranger, joy!

III.

Rob'd of my friends, and to a desert thrown,
To converse with myself alone!
Here scarce a living thing I see,
Save snow-clad sheep in distant ken,
Or the grey beldame of the glen,
Picking dry thorns or wither'd tree,
For crackling blaze to warm her limbs at eve!
—Here scarce a living sound I hear,
Save *Boreas*' growl thro' broken pane,
Which oft alarms my midnight-vigils drear!—
Or wild wind whistling thro' the airy hall;
Or whirl of kitten sporting in the floor,
With many a wheel around her wanton tail;
Or deadman's clacking watch withal,
Or nightly dogs that bark, or cats that squawl;
Or whirlwind's blast from chimney-head,
Blowing the embers thro' the frightened room!
Meanwhile I tremble in my quaking bed,
Listening the tempest's deepening roar,
Or the harsh creak of frequent-jingling door!—
—Such

—Such noises rude, at dreary midnight-time,
What musing sage or poet, would not scare!
Scarcely my wearied eye-lids fold I dare,
Lest cracking rafters on me fall!
Or if to sleep, my eye-lids I resign,
I dream of goblins, ghosts, and spectres pale,
And wake, with heavy eyes, to hail *Aurora's*
 shine.

IV.

Ye gentle tenants of this antient dome,
Where like a foreign bird I'm flown,
Of question'd shape, and beak, and plume,
Gaz'd on by all;—ye know not me;
Else well our jostling humours would agree,
Like tender lambkins of your dell;
Where fate ordains that never I shall dwell!
Soon shall I bid your smoking towers farewell;
Yet let me praise your hospitable dome,
Short while it lasts, yet still my kindly home!
Till forth once more I roam,
'Neath the wild elements of wrathful heaven,
A wretched wanderer driven;

And

And where my lot shall fall, exceeds my thought,
 Tho', now my fate hath taught
 To bode a change, I think on *Eden's* walls!—
 Where late I joy'd to see the daily sight
 Of new-built structures touch the azure skies,
 Street join to street, and pile on pile arise!
 Where books, or learned friend,
 And News and News-mongers without end,
 Gave the dear dissipated soul,
 In endless easy-changing joys to roll!
 Such was my life for nine long years of joy,
 Mix'd with remorse, and not few drops of pain;—
 Yet dear, dear-lov'd Variety,
 Soften'd each pain, and heighten'd each delight:
 "Weak mortal fool that art, thus charm'd with
 pleasures light!"

V.

Yet then, the love of noise and bustle dear;
 The sight of curious objects strange and new;
 Drove from my soul each lingering gloom of
 care,
 And struck with childish joy my dazzled view!
 Of horses, dogs, and men, the squabbling crew,
 That

That like a roaring flood roll'd swift along,
And, with a noise like thunder, fill'd the sky,
With all that mingling human tumult high!—
The rowl of chariots loud, an endless throng;
But most dear human faces old and young,
Pleas'd my wild-gazing eye,
While nymphs on nymphs appear, and man
drives man along!

VI.

And chief the glories of fair Scotland's land,
With heavenly air and melting looks of love,
Edina's Nymphs, a fair and stately band,
Easy and light, in graceful motions strove
To charm my sight:—And as of old did move,
On *Ida's* top each rival Goddess bright,
'Fore wanton *Paris*' all-enamour'd eyes,
T'adjudge fair Beauty's high immortal prize;—
Sometimes high *Juno* with imperial air,
Pass'd in review, of large, tho' beauteous limb,
And queen-like proud deportment, all sublime;—
Anon grave *Pallas*, sweet, tho' modest fair,
Would win his love with wise discretion's charms;
Anon fair *Venus* all his bosom warms,

More wanton moves, with soft and sprightly
grace,

And warm and wanton limbs more loofely
clad:—

So I on each dear fair one, in her turn,
With awe would sometimes gaze, and now
with love would burn!

VII.

How chang'd the scene! No gentle fair one here,
Inspires or love, or humanizing joy!
Scarce one or two are found, and these so coy,
They walk at distance, with forbidding air!
More shy than skylarks, fawns, or mountain-
deer.

—Ye gentle fair ones, fly not all so fast!
No tender love indeed can make you sigh,
Yet soon your days of youth are overpast,
And where is he shall ever give you joy?
With you I well may say, no charm has power,
To steal from me one lingering sigh,
Scarce can I tell the colour of your eye,
Nor ever spent with you one social hour!

For

For you, I well may die in lonely land,
 With nought but wildest solitude around!
 Not one sweet smile or word from all your band,
 E'er cheer'd the deadness of my gloom profound!
 Where scarce a solitary sound is heard,
 Save croaking ravens dire, or night's wild-hooting
 bird.

VIII.

* Thus plaintive *Ovid*, by the murmuring roar
 Of the high-thundering *Euxine*, sadly mourn'd,
 While all his soul in secret anguish burn'd,
 For many a live-long day and lingering year;
 Rob'd of his friends and lovely-native land,
 Driv'n from his home, and wife, and children
 dear,
 And sent by *Cæsar's* high command,
 A lonely exile, midst a barbarous band,
 Whose language scarce he knows!
 Friendless, and bookless too, perhaps, he goes,
 From *Rome's* fair streets and palaces to weep,
 Fast by a *Scythian* deep,

X 2

And

* See *Ovid's* *Elegies* and *Tristia*.

And tread thro' foreign wilds and wastes of
snows !

From *Rome's* fair Nymphs, midst female boors
to dwell,

Loveless, like me, for many a weary day !

For one false step, say could such rancour fell,

Banish a bard so sweet to such a lonely dell ?

CANTO

C A N T O X V.

The same subject continued.—Written in autumn 1788.

I.

'TIS worse than death in solitude to mourn,
 While all our soul's dire thoughts upon her prey,
 Without one joy-inspiring ray,
 To bid gay gladness take her wonted turn,
 While hope is banish'd from our sight,
 Despair and darkness all our ways surround,
 * *Despair how deep! and darkness how profound!*
 Oh when shall I revisit the sweet light,
 And from this dark confinement break,
 And mix and mingle with my dear mankind!
 Oh when shall I these mountains bleak forsake!
 Oh when shall I my blest *Edina* find,
 With all the dear delights of social human kind!

II.

Now Nature fades, and leaves me lonelier still!
 Cold blows the blast from yonder hill!

Down

* Young.

Down the grey mountains awful torrents roar!
 The warbling songsters cheer the groves no more,
 And, but the sweet-bill'd red-breast, all are still!
 He, plaintive Minstrel, mourns the dying year,
 As sad and solitary pale She lies,
 With ravag'd verdure bare,
 While fast in many a flake her foliage flies!
 —And now thro' leafy walks I stray,
 Or tune to murmuring winds my lay!
 Or tell to weeping streams my woeful tale,
 While savage brambles twine around my head,
 And hang with sweepy sway, their clusters pale
 Of sweet-four fruit, all to my mouth for bread!
 —Sad emblem of my hard and bitter fate,
 Which now I mourn full fore, and weep tho'
 all too late!

III.

And yet with Nature's views I still delight
 My cheerless eyes, with objects wild and strange!
 Vast precipices rude! the lab'ring flight
 Of cat'racts, roaring with incessant change,
 And furious agitation foaming high!
 Such as of thine, O *Devon*, struck my eye,

Till

Till late a stranger to thy lovely shore,
 With all that rich delightful scene,
 Of golden harvest, woods and meadows green,
 From pleasant *Dollar's* corny champaign low,
 To lofty *Alva's* wild romantic brow,
 Or *Tillycultry's* lowlier wood-crown'd hill!
 Here let me gaze, and walk, and muse my fill!
 Here lose a while my woes, tho' weeping
 mourner still!

IV.

Or, where *Dunfermline's* stately brow ascends,
 Place me, sweet Abbey, fairest of the fair,
 Incas'd in soft and heavenly-purest air,
 Whence round a warm and fertile soil descends!
 Here *five good Scottish kings* intombed lie,
 Waiting in silent dust their awful doom!
 Here too, * blest *Elgin*, thy soft relics rest,
 Waiting the last trump's powerful blast,
 To burst the surface of the marble tomb,
 And join their partner in eternal day!
 And here the poor-man's friend, the orphan's
 stay,

The

* The late Lord Elgin.

The Great have honour'd with a glorious tomb!
 G—— shall I e'er forget that awful day,
 When thousands came, and o'er thy funeral
 weep,
 And bless the place where thy dear ashes sleep!
 Nor Great nor nobly sprung wert Thou,
 And yet the Great might wish the laurels on
 thy brow!

V.

Next on *Clackmannan's* height I stand alone,
 Where frowns an antient tower all hoary-grey,
 Half-tenanted, and half with moss o'ergrown,
 While bowers of ivy half exclude the day!—
 —And lo, from hence, I taste the last sweet gales
 Of Summer parting from the vales!
 As sad and silent to the South She flies,
 To warmer suns and kinder skies;
 Till Spring bring back her steps again,
 Waking the year's eternal toil,
 To make fresh gardens blow, new harvests smile,
 To harmonize the grove, and paint the flowery
 plain!

VI. Meanwhile

VI.

Meanwhile a fading paradise extends,
In wide-dispreading show,
From winding *Alloa* low,
To where *Kincairn* o'er *Fortha* bends,
To *Carron*, *Airth*, or *Dunmore's* gardens gay,
And *Carfe* and *Gallendar* all on the way,
To where sweet *Lithgow* boasts still sweeter air,
And church and royal palace all so fair,
And fields so blooming with returning May,
As no dear spots surpass, and few can well
compare!

VII.

Anon from *Stirling's* Castle I behold,
A fairer prospect still call forth my song!
See where the *Forth* majestic winds along,
In serpent-train, flow-pacing to the deep,
While far and near the richest landskips sweep,
All round each side her vast and beauteous Bay!
See *Teith*, thy streams! that soft-meandering play
From neighbouring mountains wild, to where
again,

Far to the west *Ben-Lommond* mates the sky,
 And strikes for many a mile the gazer's eye,
 From fair *Dumbarton* to the western main!—
 Or east, see *Arthur's Seat*, *Edina's* boast!
 To me above all hills that shine,
 Superior and alone,
 All like a fair cliff glittering in the sun,
 To long-tost mariner on desert-coast!
 Oh soon take back again thy Bard in wanderings
 lost!

VIII.

Or nearer see wild *Aithra's* rocks ascend,
 Clad in eternal green
 Of pine, or ivy, where ten thousand leaves,
 Shaking and shivering as the cold wind waves,
 With variegated verdure green or gold,
 Or dusky-spotted grey, or iron-brown,
 Fast, fast in fleeces from the branches roll'd,
 Whisper dire-dreary Winter hastening on!
 Meanwhile, behold the keen-ey'd falcon soar,
 And sail with long-extended steady wing,
 While round him clam'rous crows derision fling,
 And shift and turn in many an airy tour!

And

And now he's on them, now they sudden spring,
And long elude his slow, tho' stately wheel!
Yet ever and anon he makes them feel
His cruel talons fierce, with rapid shock,
As down he fouses on their native rock;—
Alas! avail no more their wings or wanton joke!

IX.

—Thus then thro' Nature's wildest scenes I rove,
And sooth with many-changing views my soul;—
Yet short and transient all their pleasures roll,
Nor reach the heart, nor anguish deep remove!—
Nor present woe can charm, nor charm the past!
—Even now a Sister dear hath breath'd her last,
The softest, sweetest, of the female kind!
No Vice's grosser stain did e'er molest
That purest heavenly mind!
All pure as snow on highest Alpine hill,
Serene as morning, and as evening still!
—Hail dearest Shade,
Who diedst a spotless Maid!
Sleep thou in peace! but woe to me behind!

Little perhaps thou know'st how all unkind,
Thy nearest blood hath prov'd to sooth my anguish'd mind!

X.

Thus to Death's gloomy vale my few friends go,
And one by one drop off till all are gone,
And leave me lingering in a world of woe,
Like a sick lover making doleful moan!
And fond of pain still adding groan to groan!
A foolish worldly-hankering grief it seems,
As from a worthless world still loth to go,
Till last I perish in a gulph of woe!
* So *Lot's* unhappy Spouse with many a sigh,
On burning *Sodom* cast a wishful eye,
And still-returning made a piteous moan,
Till in the fiery tempest caught alone,
A stiffen'd pillar'd corse She speechless stands,
A frozen heap of salt o'er sad *Gomorrah's* lands!

* Genesis xix. 26.

C A N T O XVI.

The Return to town:—Wherein the author tries to console himself, but in vain; and concludes his mournful Song with various melancholy reflections.

I.

OF late by *Devon's* streams I lov'd to mourn,
 While chearless solitude my soul o'ercame!
 Oh for that tender social flame,
 I cry'd, that in my bosom wont to burn!
 Oh for my dear mankind!
 Who thro' a long sad life had sooth'd my mind,
 Yet prov'd the source of many a woe!
 Tho' now I dread not so!—
 —Once more I welcome all my friends again,
 Who deem'd me banish'd, lost, or dead!
 So long I stay'd in lonesome shade!
 Once more I welcome all that *matchless* train,
 Of graceful nymphs on *Eden's* plain!

Oh

Oh take your Bard again !
Your luckless Bard, who ever sung your praise,
In bootless still and unrewarded lays !
For ne'er he boasts from you one single boon !
By one or two sweet dames just smil'd upon !
—Yet all so generous I,
I love at distance to behold your charms,
Your peerless air and love-commanding eye,
While every step you make my bosom warms !
Whether in well-trimm'd shoe or slipper gay,
Along *Edina's* walks your footsteps play,
Alas, too well they charm my amorous sight !
And oh, at balls, your swimming motions light !
Now high, now low, with easy grace sublime !
While Music breathes around her sweet harmonious chime !

II.

See *Mariana* walk,
And sweet *Forbesia* stalk,
With high elastic pace the dance along !
Around admire the silent-gazing throng !
Each on her mate her eye observant turns.

With

With grave-sweet look, and soft-reluctant air,
And many a coy, tho' melting motion rare!
See how they turn the head all graceful round!
See how their robe more stately sweeps the
ground!

Forbesia's eye more languishingly burns!
And now they cross, they part, they meet by
turns;

And still they slow retreat,
With half-reluctant feet,
And still their graceful motions meet again!
Again slow-pacing to the music slow,
Once more they seem to part,
With slow-unwilling heart,
And step by step retire as loth to go!
And now they meet to part no more!
She curt'sies to the ground,
He stoops with bow profound,
Till soon upspring along the bounding floor,
The country-dancers brisk in many a band,
Were ne'er such dancers seen on *Scotia's* happy
land!

III. But

III.

But oh, my heart, be not thus reft away,
 With mufic's power, or Beauty's movements
 light!

Think how thefe *earthly Stars* fhall fet in night,
 From earth and all its joys foon fwept away!

Their bodies crumbled to the duft,

Their very memory loft!

And endless Silence and Oblivion fpread,

Around their namelefs grave their black eternal
 fhade!

IV.

Yet ftill, ye Fair, indulge your hey-day joy!

Youth is the Seafon all for fport and play!

Then why not fport your fill without annoy!

And laugh and fmg! enjoy your holy-day!

Grave looks become the fad but not the gay!

Grave looks become the wretched all like me!

Heaven from fuch wretchednefs ftill keep you
 free!

Me, Sorrow like a fhadow ftill purfues,

Even thro' the fields of foft delight,

Mid

Mid smiles and sports, at morning, noon, and
 night,
 Midst balls, and female fair, and every splendid
 fight!

V.

Even to the crowded Stage if I repair,
 What melancholy haunts me there!
 There mournful traits I see,
 Of all the mortal strife,
 Of weary human life,
 With all its vain and idle trumperie!
 See kings, and emperors, and heroes old,
 In glittering arms and garbs of gold,
 O'er the proud scene majestic tread sublime!
 See gorgeous dames, an airy throng,
 With many a heroine bold of antient time,
 Like shadows sweep along!
 See matchless *Siddons*' passion-speaking eye,
 And matchless air the highest transports move!
 Ranting in madness, grief or love!
 Now wildly-fierce, now tender all by turns,
 A *Zara* now, or *Belvidere* she burns,
 Or soft *Euphrasia* mourns,

Z

Wild

Wild and distracted for a father's fate!
Such woes the Great await!
Such restless passions human life confound!
Such and so various are th' unnumber'd ills,
That o'er this weary earth both far and wide
abound!

VI.

—Thus, with the season, pastimes old return!
But not to me returns the general joy!
Even now, I heave the boding sigh,
And like a child just like to cry,
The tear stands trembling in my swelling eye!
Thoughts of past happiness and future pain,
Once more their antient seat regain,
And waken in my heart a world of woe!
But, say, shall anxious fears avert the blow,
Or shall the present, former joys restore!
Alas, alas, no more
I snatch, as wont of old, each coming joy,
Careless of future ill, or morrow's fare!
Then smil'd each circling year,
Unstained with a tear!

Unclouded

Unclouded and serene each season roll'd!
Then golden age of Youth! of life the age of
gold!

VII.

Alas, impatient, now, my anxious heart,
But sickens mid the smiles of highest joy!
Not fair *Edina's* self can balm impart,
To check one racking thought or bursting sigh!
Oh wretched wanderer I,
Whom Fortune thus regards with scowling eye,
And clouds my pleasure in its dawning smile!
Ah woes me the while,
For weary future cares and toil,
And Poverty's sad frown!
How can I thus enjoy the golden town!
Thus friendless, destitute, and left alone,
To struggle thro' a world of woes!
What earthly Beauties can arrest my eyes!
Those eyes by nature made to view,
Ten thousand Beauties, in eternal train,
With thousand earthly wonders, ever-new!
But now these thousand wonders strike in vain,

My joyless eyes for ever made to weep,
 Till death hath clos'd them in eternal sleep!
 Oh then, ye thousand wonders sink in night!
 Begone, ye *earthly-Fair*, for ever from my sight!

VIII.

—Lo, now to *Learning's* source for help I turn:
 O, soft Humanity, I call your aid!
Say, will ye not your antient friend bestead!
 Who, from a child, so strong in love did burn
 Of Learning fair, and fill'd my boyish head
 With antient Classics' various style,
 As well in grey-beard Age might raise a smile!
 Observing, then, each glowing sentence warm,
 Each period's turn, and diction's charm,
 Each higher flight refin'd,
 That pleas'd my stripling-mind!
 All these I sort'd, with a curious taste,
 * And turn'd in Latin phrase each theme so well,
 That not my tutor well could tell,
 What polish'd Author's style I imitated best!

IX.

What tho' *Seven Languages* I master right,
 What

* Curtius, Cæsar, Livy and Sallust, I used to imitate by turns.

What tho' my soul in various Art hath shin'd,
And soar'd thro' Nature's works a boundless
flight,

Spying thro' all one great Eternal mind!

Such knowledge sure to me is vain and light,

If I, who long such Science bore,

With modest mind and spirit meek,

With all my *bright* * *Humanity* and *Greek*,

Shall perish in the midst of all their store!

If I, who long these Arts have taught,

To the young pliant mind of Infancy,

Shall now no more impart,

What more than ever's woven into my heart,

In firm and massy woof to part no more!

Yea, useless all to me and empty-void,

Such arts unus'd! Such learning unemploy'd!—

—Shall these not now their friend bestead!

All in a learned land!

Shall these not earn his daily bread!

Or shall he die for want as cast on barb'rous
strand!

X. Lo,

* Latin,

X.

Lo, here I pine alone,
With all my knowledge, still myself unknown!
Lo, here I sit and cry,
“What shall I give on wings of fame to fly,
And make the Age to come my own!”
—No; rather useful to the present time,
I burn with ardor more sublime,
And wish my dear compatriots all to climb,
Of every age, of high or low degree,
To gather high transcendent joys with me,
While yet with living voice I can unfold,
The various tastes, the beauties rare,
Of that immortal fruitage fair,
That grows on Knowledge’ heaven-aspiring
Tree!
—Oh come, both old and young,
For well I ween I can declare,
More sweet its various flavours be,
Than sweetest honey to the tongue!
Come, taste these fruits with me!
—Less sweet Hesperian fruits of old,
Guarded by dragons, as ’tis told!

Guarded

Guarded by dragons fierce, those Apples were;
 But see this Tree of Knowledge all so fair,
 Guarded by Truth alone, of access mild,
 Soft, meek, and pliant all, just like a weanling
 child!

XI.

Lo, on this Tree
 Grow Candour, Honesty,
 Benevolence, and Sympathy,
 With every mental Taste refin'd,
 Morals, divine Philosophy,
 All that adorns or can enlarge the mind!
 With all th' examples high of yore,
 The offspring of Historic Lore!
 And Eloquence and flaming Orat'ry,
 With that long fruitful branch, *immortal Poesy!*

XII.

Full well I can explain,
 From lofty *Sophocles* or * *Pella's* Bard,
 Those recompensing woes, those miseries just,
 That still pursue vile tyranny and lust,
 And like a shade on purple Pride attend!

But

* Euripides.

But chief on the * *Mæonian* reverend Sage
 I dwell delighted ; still from age to age,
 The Mirror held of Morals, Virtue's friend !
 Who more than all our Sages best can sing,
 What woes from baneful Vices spring !
 In glorious verse sublime ! whose every strain,
 As far transcends each other Bard of old,
 As other metals all-transcendent Gold !
 Still let me preach from him, and lecture young
 and old !

XIII.

Chief let me scan the *Scriptures*, *highest Source*
Of morals pure ! intelligence divine
 'Twixt heaven and earth, thro' *Jesus* ever blest !
 Oh here let all our Learning rest,
 And all our Knowledge to its center tend !
 The topstone, crownet this of Knowledge high !
 Rather all other Knowledge mean and low,
 Gross, vile, contemptible, and nothing worth,
 Compar'd to Truths thus usher'd from the sky
 By God's own Son ! th' Eternal Prince of Peace !
 The Author of Eternal Life to Man !

Great

* Homer.

Great Source of blifs below ! of blifs above !
 The Wretch's fureft friend ! and fpring of end-
 lefs Love !

XV.

Thus, then, with meek humility I fteer,
 Alike 'twixt human Learning and divine !
 Holding thefe Truths reveal'd fupremely dear,
 Holding my Saviour's Laws for ever mine !
 On thefe I meditate both night and day,
 Teaching to young and old this *Better* way
 To endlefs Blifs, than all that *Greece* or *Rome*,
 Or antient Learning in its higheft bloom,
 Could ever teach !—Oh think not I prefume,
 Ye Better Lights ! ye Guides of human kind !
 To open your enlighten'd eyes !
 I know your hearts are good, your judgments
 wife !

Nor yet do ye my humble thoughts defpife !
 Poor fimple filly I, endu'd with weakly mind !

XVI.

—But now, ye Doctors all of high degree,
 Why thus at diftance from me keep ?

A a

Say,

Say, can ye jealous be of me,
 A wretched son of misery born to weep!
 Impossible! it cannot be,
 Ye harbour such a jealousy!
 As well might dread the Ganges' giant-stream,
 A little trickling rill his flood t' outshine!
 As well might Phœbus' glorious car divine,
 Envy a starry twinkler's puny flame!
 —Rather, my learned friends, in ruth draw near,
 To soften woe and pain!
 Humane your studies, be your souls humane!
 Draw near with godlike sympathetic breast,
 And help, for Learning's sake, her friend distressed!
 For oh, ye oft have read that *golden line*,
 To err is only human! to forgive divine!

XVII.

—Thus has the *Weeping Bard* his plaint made
 known,

Alike to friends and foes!
 Thus freely told his tale of woes,
 Neither asham'd his faults to own,
 Nor ask his pardon at th' *Eternal Throne*,
 Whence every mercy flows!

Thus

Thus stands his life confest,
A childish, foolish, life at best,
A mingled cup of cares,
With some few drops of joy, but more of tears !
Let others tell (who can) their better fate,
Their higher wisdom, and their higher bliss !
I seek my God, and seek in him, tho' late,
That endless-flowing joy which in this world I
miss !

THE

T H E
WEEPING BARD'S ADDRESS
T O T H E
S U P R E M E B E I N G ;

FOR RELIEF FROM HIS DISTRESSES.

I.

OH, my sad haras'd poor distracted soul,
Whom God hath in his net thus compast round!
While Bulls of Bashan all with savage howl,
And roarings wild, my frighted heart astound!
And now to God I call from pit profound!
My foes are strong! thou, God, far off dost stand!
My foes are fierce, a bold malignant band!
I call on God all in a hostile land,
But no kind help my heavenly Saviour brings!
Oh, had I eagle's wings,

Or

Or the swift pinions of the nimble dove,
 Far to the desert wilderness I'd fly,
 And hide me in the rocks from every eye,
 Till the wild storm were overblown,
 And all were still, and God clear'd up the sky!
 Distrest, forsaken, desolate, o'erthrown!
 Great Ruler of the world I cry to Thee alone!

II.

Thrown loose, on sad Misfortune's ocean wide,
 With sail and tackling torn,
 I ply my oars against the stormy tide,
 Now here, now there, at random tost forlorn!
 Oh leave me not, my God, hopeless to mourn,
 While winds and waves the deep deform!
 Oh God! thou pilot of the sea-distrest!
 Thou Cause at once and Ruler of the storm!
 Make haste to help while Danger's nigh:—
 While all my lovers from me fly,
 And all my foes enjoy my jeopardy!—
 —Midst rocks, and shelves, and shipwrecks
 compact round,
 Oh hear me, Lord! from gulphs profound!

Make

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Make bare thy holy arm, and save me from on
high!

III.

Thou know'st the harmless tenor of my mind,
My mild relenting temper kind,
Cast in philanthropy's dear softest mold;
Patient, forgiving, never bold;
But always sober, quiet, meek, at will,
No hatred or revenge e'er reach'd my heart!
Ten times my foes did wrong, to vex my heart:—
My easy simple soul forgave them still!—
A stranger still to Slander's venom'd tongue,
Or meaner Envy's passion pale!
Indulge your ways! I'll never speak you wrong!
Thrive fast my foes! my rivals all prevail!
On you I ne'er shall cast one jealous eye,
Nor heave for you one anxious sigh,
So help me, gracious God, in hard necessity!

IV.

Thou know'st, lo, what a stormy strife,
A sea of troubles, rolls my varying life!

TO THE SUPREME BEING. 191

A Winter's-day, dark clouds among!
Short short the sunshine! showers and tempests
long!

Behind a gloomy blank appears!
Before a frowning cloud of cares!—
—Poor, friendless, homeless, whither shall I go?
To shelter from a storm of woe,
If Thou, my God, not me bestead,
In hopeless misery!
For well Thou know'st what earthly-bitter bread
I eat, under the cold and open sky!
Close by yon leafless thorn,
Where oft I lie to mourn,
The wild winds whistling round my houseless
head,
And the black streamlet woeful-murmuring by!
While birds to covert speed in bowery shade,
And beasts to sheltering dens! so cannot I!
Oh help me, gracious God! in earthly misery!

V.

If e'er from sympathy my tears did flow,
For human misery and woe!

If

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If e'er with me the Virtues soft did dwell
In homely rustic cell!
Candor and Ruth with pitying eye,
Like angels dropt from yonder sky!
If these, with me, have found a welcome home,
Chusing my lowly cot and simple ways,
Above or wealth, or power, or praise!—
Then hear me, God, from gulphs profound!
Poor friendless sufferer I!
Oh help me, gracious God! in hard necessity!

VI.

But why, my God, my King,
Do I such pleadings bring,
In whom no earthly good doth dwell,
But what from Thee besel,
And if from Thee it came, to Thee returns!
But ah, my Conscience mourns
Ten thousand evil thoughts the good among!
Too oft, too oft I've flung
Thy love behind me, all for earthly joy!
Too oft an earthly form, an air, an eye,
Have rais'd that anxious sigh,

I ow'd to Thee, my God, supremely fair,
 For Beauty, Worth, beyond compare,
 True sacred Source of all created Joy!
 Forgive me, gracious God! thus guilty Sinner I!

VII.

Ah why, Thou Source of Love!
 Thou Source of endless Love, and boundless Joy!
 Shall I a recreant rebel prove,
 Working in thy despight my soul's annoy?
 Shall I love more one glimmering ray,
 Than the Great Fountain of eternal Day?
 Love more a rosy cheek, a sparkling eye,
 Tho' mortal made and soon to die,
 Than the Great Hand divine,
 That gave that cheek to bloom, that eye to
 shine?

O Thou Supreme of Things,
 Thou Lord of Lords, and King of Kings!
 O Thou Supreme of Loves,
 In whom each Being lives and moves,
 And holds from Thee that thus it lives and
 moves!

B b

Oh

194 THE WEEPING BARD'S ADDRESS

Oh Holy pure ! and infinite in Good !
And freely Good ! and endless in thy Good !
Oh ever, ever let me praise,
Thy wondrous-loving ways !
A Saviour bleeds ! oh, let my soul aspire
In flames of grateful love, and wings of holy
fire !

VIII.

A Saviour bleeds ! yet He that made the Day,
And set the Night her bound,
And hung these splendors in the dark profound,
And peopled all their globes with beings gay !
He made the Skies, and yet He bled for me !—
He holds all Nature in his hands,
A thousand worlds, with all their living bands;
Appoints their motions, and their time commands,
Yet died for filthy worms of earth,
Vile wretched sinners from our birth !
Oh wondrous, boundless, endless power of love !
Oh fatal breach in fair Creation made,

By

By mortal Sin and Man's transgressing will!
 That thus a Saviour's blood could spill!
 Or bring Him from the sky,
 In bands of death to lie!
 Oh guilty ruin'd state of weak mortality!

IX.

Yet soon He rose triumphant o'er the grave,
 Omnipotent to save!
 Now sits at God's right hand for evermore!
 A Saviour dignified, a Priest, a King!
 A Friend and Intercessor for us all!
 Sweet Prince of Peace! of Righteousness the
 King!

Sun of thy Church! oh rise with golden wing,
 With healing wing, upon this guilty Ball!
 Thy Truth the nations far and wide behold!
 Oh Jews and Gentiles all infold,
 In the diffusive Light of thy fair Law!
 O Thou, that wheel'st the starry spheres,
 And turn'st the earthly rivers as they flow!
 So turn all hearts below
 To thy sweet Truth! thy mild and gentle reign!
 Of mercy, goodness, love, thy endless reign!

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Oh turn to Thee my earthly-backward will !
 My earthly-stubborn will for ever turn,
 By thy Almighty hand,
 Tho' firm as rocks or mountains it should stand !
 Oh clear, oh clear my mortal eye,
 And mortal heart, from earthly joys impure ;
 That source of boundless ills,
 That foe that plagues the soul, and lastly kills !
 Oh fix my heart on Thee alone,
 Center of Bliss ! of Righteousness the Sun !
 My refuge from a thousand woes !
 My life in death ! my only sure repose !
 Give rest, at last, to my distracted soul,
 That wanders up and down in search of bliss,
 And finds all search in vain !

X.

But ah, my careless heart,
 My stupid, stony, hard, obdurate heart,
 Harden'd with sin, and stupified with guilt !
 Has *Jesus* wept, and groan'd, and bled, and dy'd,
 For thee, a worthless parricide !
 And shalt not thou, on sweet repentance call,
 To

To wash thy trespass in a sea of tears?
 Oh weep, my heart within,
 Thro' thy whole length of days, for ever weep;
 With deep and bitter grief, for ever swell;—
 Not all the drops that in the salt sea dwell,
 Tho' turn'd to tears, can expiate thy sin!
 —Oh Thou, God's arm display'd
 To all the nations; his right arm made bare,
 To vanquish death and hell, and mortal sin!
 —Oh Thou, the only ransom found,
 From death, of sin that ghastly wound!
 Exulting o'er them in thy bloody cross,
 Of late on *Golgotha*: and now dost reign,
 On *Zion-hill*, Salvation's glorious King,
 Thro' ages without end!
 Sweet Prince of Peace! oh save my guilty soul,
 My self-aborrent, sin-polluted soul,
 That finds no other access to her God,
 No other ladder to heaven's golden gate!
 No other sacrifice; no paschal-lamb!
 No forfeit for her sin! no way to life!
 No mediator, friend, or surety dear,

But

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But *Jes*us ever-blest!

Oh Thou, who erst didst weep,

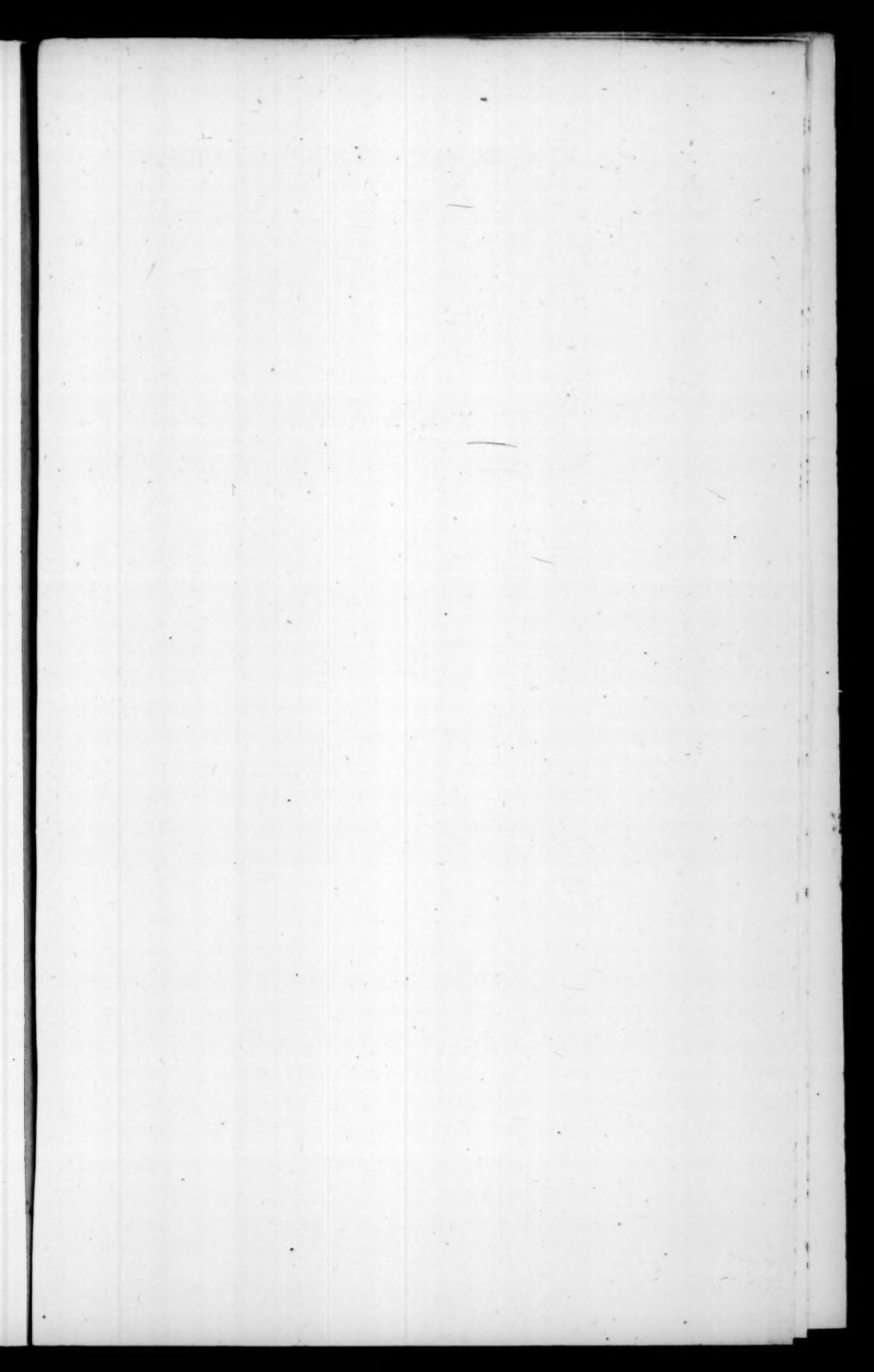
O'er fated *Salem's* woe-devoted land,

Oh snatch me, piteous, like a burning brand,

From the wild flames!—Oh save, oh rescue me;

Since Thou, oh Saviour blest, art life and all
to me!

F I N I S.



E R R A T A

Page. line.

39 4 *for th read the.*

46 15 *for defly read deftly.*

55 3 *for nature read nurture.*

113 8 *for thrilling read shilling.*



